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# THE CENCI

A TRAGEDY

IN FIVE ACTS

BY

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY

SECOND EDITION

LONDON

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# DEDICATION.

TO

LEIGH HUNT, Esq.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I inscribe with your name, from a distant country, and after an absence whose months have seemed years, this the latest of my literary efforts.

Those writings which I have hitherto published, have been little else than visions which impersonate my own apprehensions of the beautiful and the just. I can also perceive in them the literary defects incidental to youth and impatience; they are dreams of what ought to be, or may be. The drama which I now present to you is a sad reality. I lay aside the presumptuous attitude of an instructor, and am content to paint, with such colours as my own heart furnishes, that which has been.

## DEDICATION.

Had I known a person more highly endowed than yourself with all that it becomes a man to possess, I had solicited for this work the ornament of his name. One more gentle, honourable, innocent, and brave; one of more exalted toleration for all who do and think evil, and yet himself more free from evil; one who knows better how to receive, and how to confer a benefit, though he must ever confer far more than he can receive; one of simpler, and, in the highest sense of the word, of purer life and manners, I never knew: and I had already been fortunate in friendships when your name was added to the list.

In that patient and irreconcilable enmity with domestic and political tyranny and imposture, which the tenor of your life has illustrated, and which, had I health and talents, should illustrate mine, let us, comforting each other in our task, live and die.

All happiness attend you!

Your affectionate friend,

PERCY B. SHELLEY.

ROME,  
May 29, 1819.

## P R E F A C E.

A MANUSCRIPT was communicated to me during my travels in Italy, which was copied from the archives of the Cenci Palace at Rome, and contains a detailed account of the horrors which ended in the extinction of one of the noblest and richest families of that city, during the Pontificate of Clement VIII. in the year 1599. The story is, that an old man having spent his life in debauchery and wickedness, conceived at length an implacable hatred towards his children; which shewed itself towards one daughter under the form of an incestuous passion, aggravated by every circumstance of cruelty and violence. This daughter, after long and vain attempts to escape from what she considered a perpetual contamination both of body and mind, at length plotted with her mother-in-law and brother to murder their common tyrant. The young

maiden, who was urged to this tremendous deed by an impulse which overpowered its horror, was evidently a most gentle and amiable being, a creature formed to adorn and be admired, and thus violently thwarted from her nature by the necessity of circumstance and opinion. The deed was quickly discovered, and, in spite of the most earnest prayers made to the Pope by the highest persons in Rome, the criminals were put to death. The old man had, during his life, repeatedly bought his pardon from the Pope for capital crimes of the most enormous and unspeakable kind, at the price of a hundred thousand crowns; the death therefore of his victims can scarcely be accounted for by the love of justice. The Pope, among other motives for severity, probably felt that whoever killed the Count Cenci, deprived his treasury of a certain and copious source of revenue.\* Such a story, if told so as to present to the reader all the feelings of those who once acted it, their hopes and fears, their confidences and misgivings, their various interests, passions

\* The Papal Government formerly took the most extraordinary precautions against the publicity of facts which offer so tragical a demonstration of its own wickedness and weakness; so that the communication of the MS. had become, until very lately, a matter of some difficulty.

and opinions, acting upon and with each other, yet all conspiring to one tremendous end, would be as a light to make apparent some of the most dark and secret caverns of the human heart.

On my arrival at Rome, I found that the story of the Cenci was a subject not to be mentioned in Italian society without awakening a deep and breathless interest; and that the feelings of the company never failed to incline to a romantic pity for the wrongs, and a passionate exculpation of the horrible deed to which they urged her, who has been mingled two centuries with the common dust. All ranks of people knew the outlines of this history, and participated in the overwhelming interest which it seems to have the magic of exciting in the human heart. I had a copy of Guido's picture of Beatrice, which is preserved in the Colonna Palace, and my servant instantly recognised it as the portrait of *La Cenci*.

This national and universal interest which the story produces and has produced for two centuries, and among all ranks of people in a great City, where the imagination is kept for ever active and awake, first suggested to me the conception of its fitness for a dramatic purpose. In fact it is a tragedy which has

already received, from its capacity of awakening and sustaining the sympathy of men, approbation and success. Nothing remained, as I imagined, but to clothe it to the apprehensions of my countrymen in such language and action as would bring it home to their hearts. The deepest and the sublimest tragic compositions, King Lear and the two plays in which the tale of Ædipus is told, were stories which already existed in tradition, as matters of popular belief and interest, before Shakspeare and Sophocles made them familiar to the sympathy of all succeeding generations of mankind.

This story of the Cenci is indeed eminently fearful and monstrous: any thing like a dry exhibition of it on the stage would be insupportable. The person who would treat such a subject must increase the ideal, and diminish the actual horror of the events, so that the pleasure which arises from the poetry which exists in these tempestuous sufferings and crimes may mitigate the pain of the contemplation of the moral deformity from which they spring. There must also be nothing attempted to make the exhibition subservient to what is vulgarly termed a moral purpose. The highest moral purpose aimed at in the highest species

of the drama, is the teaching the human heart, through its sympathies and antipathies, the knowledge of itself; in proportion to the possession of which knowledge, every human being is wise, just, sincere, tolerant and kind. If dogmas can do more, it is well: but a drama is no fit place for the enforcement of them. Undoubtedly, no person can be truly dishonoured by the act of another; and the fit return to make to the most enormous injuries is kindness and forbearance, and a resolution to convert the injurer from his dark passions by peace and love. Revenge, retaliation, atonement, are pernicious mistakes. If Beatrice had thought in this manner she would have been wiser and better; but she would never have been a tragic character: the few whom such an exhibition would have interested, could never have been sufficiently interested for a dramatic purpose, from the want of finding sympathy in their interest among the mass who surround them. It is in the restless and anatomizing casuistry with which men seek the justification of Beatrice, yet feel that she has done what needs justification; it is in the superstitious horror with which they contemplate alike her wrongs and their revenge, that the dramatic character of what she did and suffered, consists.

I have endeavoured as nearly as possible to represent the characters as they probably were, and have sought to avoid the error of making them actuated by my own conceptions of right or wrong, false or true: thus under a thin veil converting names and actions of the sixteenth century into cold impersonations of my own mind. They are represented as Catholics, and as Catholics deeply tinged with religion. To a Protestant apprehension there will appear something unnatural in the earnest and perpetual sentiment of the relations between God and man which pervade the tragedy of the Cenci. It will especially be startled at the combination of an undoubting persuasion of the truth of the popular religion with a cool and determined perseverance in enormous guilt. But religion in Italy is not, as in Protestant countries, a cloak to be worn on particular days; or a passport which those who do not wish to be railed at carry with them to exhibit; or a gloomy passion for penetrating the impenetrable mysteries of our being, which terrifies its possessor at the darkness of the abyss to the brink of which it has conducted him. Religion coexists, as it were, in the mind of an Italian Catholic, with a faith in that of which all men have the most certain knowledge. It



is interwoven with the whole fabric of life. It is adoration, faith, submission, penitence, blind admiration; not a rule for moral conduct. It has no necessary connexion with any one virtue. The most atrocious villain may be rigidly devout, and without any shock to established faith, confess himself to be so. Religion pervades intensely the whole frame of society, and is, according to the temper of the mind which it inhabits, a passion, a persuasion, an excuse, a refuge; never a check. Cenci himself built a chapel in the court of his Palace, and dedicated it to St. Thomas the Apostle, and established masses for the peace of his soul. Thus in the first scene of the fourth act Lucretia's design in exposing herself to the consequences of an expostulation with Cenci after having administered the opiate, was to induce him by a feigned tale to confess himself before death; this being esteemed by Catholics as essential to salvation; and she only relinquishes her purpose when she perceives that her perseverance would expose Beatrice to new outrages.

I have avoided with great care in writing this play the introduction of what is commonly called mere poetry, and I imagine there will scarcely be found a detached simile or a single isolated description, unless

Beatrice's description of the chasm appointed for her father's murder should be judged to be of that nature.\*

In a dramatic composition the imagery and the passion should interpenetrate one another, the former being reserved simply for the full developement and illustration of the latter. Imagination is as the immortal God which should assume flesh for the redemption of mortal passion. It is thus that the most remote and the most familiar imagery may alike be fit for dramatic purposes when employed in the illustration of strong feeling, which raises what is low, and levels to the apprehension that which is lofty, casting over all the shadow of its own greatness. In other respects I have written more carelessly; that is, without an over-fastidious and learned choice of words. In this respect I entirely agree with those modern critics who assert that in order to move men to true sympathy we must use the familiar language of men. And that our great ancestors the ancient English poets are the writers, a study of whom might incite us to do

\* An idea in this speech was suggested by a most sublime passage in "El Purgatorio de San Patricio" of Calderon; the only plagiarism which I have intentionally committed in the whole piece.

that for our own age which they have done for theirs. But it must be the real language of men in general, and not that of any particular class to whose society the writer happens to belong. So much for what I have attempted; I need not be assured that success is a very different matter; particularly for one whose attention has but newly been awakened to the study of dramatic literature.

I endeavoured whilst at Rome to observe such monuments of this story as might be accessible to a stranger. The portrait of Beatrice at the Colonna Palace is admirable as a work of art: it was taken by Guido during her confinement in prison. But it is most interesting as a just representation of one of the loveliest specimens of the workmanship of Nature. There is a fixed and pale composure upon the features: she seems sad and stricken down in spirit, yet the despair thus expressed is lightened by the patience of gentleness. Her head is bound with folds of white drapery from which the yellow strings of her golden hair escape, and fall about her neck. The moulding of her face is exquisitely delicate; the eyebrows are distinct and arched; the lips have that permanent meaning of imagination and sensibility which

suffering has not repressed and which it seems as if death scarcely could extinguish. Her forehead is large and clear; her eyes which we are told were remarkable for their vivacity, are swollen with weeping and lustreless, but beautifully tender and serene. In the whole mien there is a simplicity and dignity which united with her exquisite loveliness and deep sorrow are inexpressibly pathetic. Beatrice Cenci appears to have been one of those rare persons in whom energy and gentleness dwell together without destroying one another: her nature was simple and profound. The crimes and miseries in which she was an actor and a sufferer are as the mask and the mantle in which circumstances clothed her for her impersonation on the scene of the world.

The Cenci Palace is of great extent; and though in part modernized, there yet remains a vast and gloomy pile of feudal architecture in the same state as during the dreadful scenes which are the subject of this tragedy. The Palace is situated in an obscure corner of Rome, near the quarter of the Jews, and from the upper windows you see the immense ruins of Mount Palatine half hidden under their profuse overgrowth of trees. There is a court in one part of the Palace

(perhaps that in which Cenci built the Chapel to St. Thomas), supported by granite columns and adorned with antique friezes of fine workmanship, and built up according to the antient Italian fashion, with balcony over balcony of open-work. One of the gates of the Palace, formed of immense stones, and leading through a passage, dark and lofty, and opening into gloomy subterranean chambers, struck me particularly.

Of the Castle of Petrella, I could obtain no further information than that which is to be found in the manuscript.



# THE CENCI.

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

COUNT FRANCESCO CENCI.

GIACOMO, }  
BERNARDO, } his Sons.

CARDINAL CAMILLO.

ORSINO, a Prelate.

SAVELLA, the Pope's Legate.

OLIMPIO, }  
MARZIO, } Assassins.

ANDREA, Servant to Cenci.

Nobles, Judges, Guards, Servants.

LUCRETIA, Wife of Cenci, and Step-mother of his Children.

BEATRICE, his Daughter.

The SCENE lies principally in Rome, but changes during the Fourth Act to Petrella, a castle among the Apulian Apennines.

TIME. During the Pontificate of Clement VIII.



# THE CENCI.

## ACT I.

### SCENE I.

AN APARTMENT IN THE CENCI PALACE. ENTER COUNT CENCI,  
AND CARDINAL CAMILLO.

CAM. THAT matter of the murder is hushed up  
If you consent to yield his Holiness  
Your fief that lies beyond the Pincian gate.  
It needed all my interest in the conclave  
To bend him to this point: he said that you  
Bought perilous impunity with your gold;  
That crimes like yours if once or twice compounded  
Enriched the Church, and respited from hell  
An erring soul which might repent and live;  
But that the glory and the interest  
Of the high throne he fills, little consist  
With making it a daily mart of guilt  
As manifold and hideous as the deeds  
Which you scarce hide from men's revolted eyes.



The shame and misery you have written there.  
Where is your wife? Where is your gentle daughter?  
Methinks her sweet looks, which make all things else  
Beauteous and glad, might kill the fiend within you.  
Why is she barred from all society  
But her own strange and uncomplaining wrongs?  
Talk with me, Count,—you know I mean you well.  
I stood beside your dark and fiery youth  
Watching its bold and bad career, as men  
Watch meteors, but it vanished not: I marked  
Your desperate and remorseless manhood; now  
Do I behold you, in dishonoured age,  
Charged with a thousand unrepented crimes.  
Yet I have ever hoped you would amend,  
And in that hope have saved your life three times.

CEN. For which Aldobrandino owes you now  
My fief beyond the Pincian. Cardinal,  
One thing, I pray you, recollect henceforth,  
And so we shall converse with less restraint.  
A man you knew spoke of my wife and daughter:  
He was accustomed to frequent my house;  
So the next day *his* wife and daughter came  
And asked if I had seen him; and I smiled:  
I think they never saw him any more.

CAM. Thou execrable man, beware!—

CEN. Of thee?

Nay, this is idle: we should know each other.  
As to my character for what men call crime,  
Seeing I please my senses as I list,  
And vindicate that right with force or guile,

It is a public matter, and I care not  
If I discuss it with you. I may speak  
Alike to you and my own conscious heart;  
For you give out that you have half reformed me,  
Therefore strong vanity will keep you silent  
If fear should not; both will, I do not doubt.  
All men delight in sensual luxury,  
All men enjoy revenge; and most exult  
Over the tortures they can never feel;  
Flattering their secret peace with others' pain.  
But I delight in nothing else. I love  
The sight of agony, and the sense of joy,  
When this shall be another's and that mine.  
And I have no remorse and little fear,  
Which are, I think, the checks of other men.  
This mood has grown upon me, until now  
Any design my captious fancy makes  
The picture of its wish, and it forms none  
But such as men like you would start to know,  
Is as my natural food and rest debarred  
Until it be accomplished.

CAM. Art thou not  
Most miserable?

CEN. Why miserable?—  
No. I am what your theologians call  
Hardened; which they must be in impudence,  
So to revile a man's peculiar taste.  
True, I was happier than I am, while yet  
Manhood remained to act the thing I thought;  
While lust was sweeter than revenge; and now

Invention palls: ay, we must all grow old:  
And but that there yet remains a deed to act  
Whose horror might make sharp an appetite  
Duller than mine—I'd do,—I know not what.  
When I was young I thought of nothing else  
But pleasure; and I fed on honey sweets:  
Men, by St. Thomas! cannot live like bees,  
And I grew tired: yet, till I killed a foe,  
And heard his groans, and heard his children's groans,  
Knew I not what delight was else on earth,  
Which now delights me little. I the rather  
Look on such pangs as terror ill conceals:  
The dry, fixed eyeball; the pale, quivering lip,  
Which tell me that the spirit weeps within  
Tears bitterer than the bloody sweat of Christ.  
I rarely kill the body, which preserves,  
Like a strong prison, the soul within my power,  
Wherein I feed it with the breath of fear  
For hourly pain.

CAM. Hell's most abandoned fiend  
Did never, in the drunkenness of guilt,  
Speak to his heart as now you speak to me;  
I thank my God that I believe you not.

*Enter ANDREA.*

ANDR. My Lord, a gentleman from Salamanca  
Would speak with you.

CEN. Bid him attend me in the grand saloon.

*(Exit ANDREA.)*

CAM. Farewell; and I will pray

Almighty God that thy false, impious words,  
Tempt not his spirit to abandon thee.

*(Exit CAMILLO.)*

CEN. The third of my possessions! I must use  
Close husbandry, or gold, the old man's sword,  
Falls from my withered hand. But yesterday  
There came an order from the Pope to make  
Fourfold provision for my cursed sons;  
Whom I had sent from Rome to Salamanca,  
Hoping some accident might cut them off;  
And meaning if I could to starve them there.  
I pray thee, God, send some quick death upon them!  
Bernardo and my wife could not be worse  
If dead and damned: then, as to Beatrice—

*(Looking around him suspiciously.)*

I think they cannot hear me at that door;  
What if they should? And yet I need not speak,  
Though the heart triumphs with itself in words.  
O, thou most silent air, that shalt not hear  
What now I think! Thou, pavement, which I tread  
Towards her chamber,—let your echoes talk  
Of my imperious step, scorning surprise,  
But not of my intent! Andrea!

*Enter ANDREA.*

ANDR. My lord!

CEN. Bid Beatrice attend me in her chamber  
This evening:—no, at midnight, and alone.

*(Exeunt.)*

## SCENE II.

A GARDEN OF THE CENCI PALACE. ENTER BEATRICE AND ORSINO,  
AS IN CONVERSATION.

BEATR. Pervert not truth,  
Orsino. You remember where we held  
That conversation;—nay, we see the spot  
Even from this cypress;—two long years are past  
Since, on an April midnight, underneath  
The moonlight ruins of mount Palatine,  
I did confess to you my secret mind.

ORS. You said you loved me then.

BEATR. You are a priest,  
Speak to me not of love.

ORS. I may obtain  
The dispensation of the Pope to marry.  
Because I am a priest do you believe  
Your image, as the hunter some struck deer,  
Follows me not whether I wake or sleep?

BEATR. As I have said, speak to me not of love;  
Had you a dispensation, I have not;  
Nor will I leave this home of misery  
Whilst my poor Bernard, and that gentle lady  
To whom I owe life and these virtuous thoughts,  
Must suffer what I still have strength to share.  
Alas, Orsino! All the love that once

I felt for you, is turned to bitter pain.  
 Our's was a youthful contract, which you first  
 Broke, by assuming vows no Pope will loose.  
 And thus I love you still, but holily,  
 Even as a sister or a spirit might;  
 And so I swear a cold fidelity.  
 And it is well perhaps we shall not marry.  
 You have a sly, equivocating vein  
 That suits me not. Ah, wretched that I am!  
 Where shall I turn? Even now you look on me  
 As you were not my friend, and as if you  
 Discovered that I thought so, with false smiles  
 Making my true suspicion seem your wrong.  
 Ah! No, forgive me; sorrow makes me seem  
 Sterner than else my nature might have been;  
 I have a weight of melancholy thoughts,  
 And they forbode,—but what can they forbode  
 Worse than I now endure?

ORS. All will be well.

Is the petition yet prepared? You know  
 My zeal for all you wish, sweet Beatrice;  
 Doubt not but I will use my utmost skill,  
 So that the Pope attend to your complaint.

BEATR. Your zeal for all I wish; Ah me, you are  
 cold!

Your utmost skill——speak but one word——

(*aside*) Alas!  
 Weak and deserted creature that I am,  
 Here I stand bickering with my only friend!

(*To ORSINO*)



This night my father gives a sumptuous feast,  
Orsino; he has heard some happy news  
From Salamanca, from my brothers there,  
And with this outward shew of love he mocks  
His inward hate. 'Tis bold hypocrisy,  
For he would gladlier celebrate their deaths,  
Which I have heard him pray for on his knees:  
Great God! that such a father should be mine!  
But there is mighty preparation made,  
And all our kin, the Cenci, will be there,  
And all the chief nobility of Rome.  
And he has bidden me and my pale mother  
Attire ourselves in festival array.  
Poor lady! She expects some happy change  
In his dark spirit from this act; I none.  
At supper I will give you the petition:  
Till when—farewell.

ORS. Farewell.

*(Exit BEATRICE.)*

I know the Pope  
Will ne'er absolve me from my priestly vow  
But by absolving me from the revenue  
Of many a wealthy see; and, Beatrice,  
I think to win thee at an easier rate.  
Nor shall he read her eloquent petition:  
He might bestow her on some poor relation  
Of his sixth cousin, as he did her sister,  
And I should be debarred from all access.  
Then as to what she suffers from her father,  
In all this there is much exaggeration:

Old men are testy and will have their way;  
A man may stab his enemy, or his vassal,  
And live a free life as to wine or women,  
And with a peevish temper may return  
To a dull home, and rate his wife and children;  
Daughters and wives call this foul tyranny.  
I shall be well content, if on my conscience  
There rest no heavier sin than what they suffer  
From the devices of my love—A net  
From which she shall escape not. Yet I fear  
Her subtle mind, her awe-inspiring gaze,  
Whose beams anatomize me, nerve by nerve,  
And lay me bare, and make me blush to see  
My hidden thoughts.—Ah, no! A friendless girl  
Who clings to me, as to her only hope:—  
I were a fool, not less than if a panther  
Were panic-stricken by the antelope's eye,  
If she escape me.

*(Exit.)*

### SCENE III.

A MAGNIFICENT HALL IN THE CENCI PALACE. A BANQUET. ENTER CENCI, LUCRETIA, BEATRICE, ORSINO, CAMILLO, NOBLES.

CEN. Welcome, my friends and kinsmen; welcome ye  
Princes and Cardinals, pillars of the church,  
Whose presence honours our festivity.  
I have too long lived like an anchorite,

And, in my absence from your merry meetings,  
An evil word is gone abroad of me :  
But I do hope that you, my noble friends,  
When you have shared the entertainment here,  
And heard the pious cause for which 'tis given,  
And we have pledged a health or two together,  
Will think me flesh and blood as well as you ;  
Sinful indeed, for Adam made all so,  
But tender-hearted, meek and pitiful.

1. GUEST. In truth, my Lord, you seem too light of  
heart,

Too sprightly and companionable a man,  
To act the deeds that rumour pins on you.

*(To his companion.)*

I never saw such blithe and open cheer  
In any eye !

2. GUEST. Some most desired event,  
In which we all demand a common joy,  
Has brought us hither ; let us hear it, Count.

CEN. It is indeed a most desired event.

If, when a parent, from a parent's heart,  
Lifts from this earth to the great father of all  
A prayer, both when he lays him down to sleep  
And when he rises up from dreaming it ;  
One supplication, one desire, one hope,  
That he would grant a wish for his two sons,  
Even all that he demands in their regard—  
And suddenly, beyond his dearest hope,  
It is accomplished, he should then rejoice,  
And call his friends and kinsmen to a feast,

And task their love to grace his merriment,  
Then honour me thus far—for I am he.

BEATR. (*to Lucretia*) Great God! How horrible!  
Some dreadful ill

Must have befallen my brothers.

LUCR. Fear not, child,  
He speaks too frankly.

BEATR. Ah! My blood runs cold.  
I fear that wicked laughter round his eye,  
Which wrinkles up the skin even to the hair.

CEN. Here are the letters brought from Salamanca;  
Beatrice, read them to your mother. God,  
I thank thee! In one night didst thou perform,  
By ways inscrutable, the thing I sought.  
My disobedient and rebellious sons  
Are dead!—Why dead!—What means this change of  
cheer?

You hear me not, I tell you they are dead;  
And they will need no food or raiment more:  
The tapers that did light them the dark way  
Are their last cost. The Pope, I think, will not  
Expect I should maintain them in their coffins.  
Rejoice with me, my heart is wondrous glad.

BEATR. (*Lucretia sinks, half fainting; Beatrice  
supports her.*)

It is not true!—Dear lady, pray look up.  
Had it been true, there is a God in Heaven,  
He would not live to boast of such a boon.  
Unnatural man, thou knowest that it is false.

CEN. Ay, as the word of God; whom here I call

To witness that I speak the sober truth;  
And whose most favouring Providence was shewn  
Even in the manner of their deaths. For Rocco  
Was kneeling at the mass, with sixteen others,  
When the church fell and crushed him to a mummy;  
The rest escaped unhurt. Cristofano  
Was stabbed in error by a jealous man,  
Whilst she he loved was sleeping with his rival;  
All in the self-same hour of the same night;  
Which shews that Heaven has special care of me.  
I beg those friends who love me, that they mark  
The day a feast upon their calendars.  
It was the twenty-seventh of December:  
Ay, read the letters if you doubt my oath.  
(*The assembly appears confused; several of the guests  
rise*).

1. GUEST. Oh, horrible! I will depart.

2. GUEST. And I.

3. GUEST. No, stay!

I do believe it is some jest; though faith,  
'Tis mocking us somewhat too solemnly.  
I think his son has married the Infanta,  
Or found a mine of gold in El dorado;  
'Tis but to season some such news; stay, stay!  
I see 'tis only raillery by his smile.

CEN. (*filling a bowl of wine, and lifting it up*)  
Oh, thou bright wine, whose purple splendour leaps  
And bubbles gaily in this golden bowl  
Under the lamp-light, as my spirits do,  
To hear the death of my accursed sons!

Could I believe thou wert their mingled blood,  
 Then would I taste thee like a sacrament,  
 And pledge with thee the mighty Devil in Hell;  
 Who, if a father's curses, as men say,  
 Climb with swift wings after their children's souls,  
 And drag them from the very throne of Heaven,  
 Now triumphs in my triumph!—But thou art  
 Superfluous; I have drunken deep of joy,  
 And I will taste no other wine to-night.  
 Here, Andrea! Bear the bowl around.

A GUEST (*rising*) Thou wretch!  
 Will none among this noble company  
 Check the abandoned villain?

CAM. For God's sake  
 Let me dismiss the guests! You are insane,  
 Some ill will come of this.

2. GUEST. Seize, silence him!

1. GUEST. I will!

3. GUEST. And I!

CEN. (*Addressing those who rise with a threatening  
 gesture.*)

Who moves? Who speaks?

(*Turning to the company.*)

'Tis nothing,

Enjoy yourselves.—Beware! For my revenge  
 Is as the sealed commission of a king,  
 That kills, and none dare name the murderer.

(*The banquet is broken up; several of the guests are  
 departing.*)

BEATR. I do entreat you, go not, noble guests;

What, although tyranny and impious hate  
Stand sheltered by a father's hoary hair?  
What, if 'tis he who clothed us in these limbs  
Who tortures them, and triumphs? What, if we,  
The desolate and the dead, were his own flesh,  
His children and his wife, whom he is bound  
To love and shelter? Shall we therefore find  
No refuge in this merciless wide world?  
Oh, think what deep wrongs must have blotted out  
First love, then reverence in a child's prone mind,  
Till it thus vanquish shame and fear! O, think!  
I have borne much, and kissed the sacred hand  
Which crushed us to the earth, and thought its stroke  
Was perhaps some paternal chastisement!  
Have excused much, doubted; and when no doubt  
Remained, have sought by patience, love and tears,  
To soften him; and when this could not be,  
I have knelt down through the long sleepless nights,  
And lifted up to God, the father of all,  
Passionate prayers: and when these were not heard  
I have still borne;—until I meet you here,  
Princes and kinsmen, at this hideous feast  
Given at my brothers' deaths. Two yet remain,  
His wife remains and I, whom if ye save not,  
Ye may soon share such merriment again  
As fathers make over their children's graves.  
Oh! Prince Colonna, thou art our near kinsman;  
Cardinal, thou art the Pope's chamberlain;  
Camillo, thou art chief justiciary;  
Take us away!

CEN. (*He has been conversing with Camillo during the first part of Beatrice's speech; he hears the conclusion, and now advances.*)

I hope my good friends here  
Will think of their own daughters—or perhaps  
Of their own throats—before they lend an ear  
To this wild girl.

BEATR. (*Not noticing the words of Cenci.*)  
Dare no one look on me?  
None answer? Can one tyrant overbear  
The sense of many best and wisest men?  
Or is it that I sue not in some form  
Of scrupulous law, that ye deny my suit?  
Oh, God! That I were buried with my brothers!  
And that the flowers of this departed spring  
Were fading on my grave! And that my father  
Were celebrating now one feast for all!

CAM. A bitter wish for one so young and gentle;  
Can we do nothing?

COLON. Nothing that I see.  
Count Cenci were a dangerous enemy:  
Yet I would second any one.

A CARD. And I.

CEN. Retire to your chamber, insolent girl!

BEATR. Retire thou, impious man! Ay, hide thyself  
Where never eye can look upon thee more!  
Wouldst thou have honour and obedience,  
Who art a torturer? Father, never dream,  
Though thou mayst overbear this company,  
But ill must come of ill.—Frown not on me!



Haste, hide thyself, lest with avenging looks  
 My brothers' ghosts should hunt thee from thy seat!  
 Cover thy face from every living eye,  
 And start if thou but hear a human step:  
 Seek out some dark and silent corner, there  
 Bow thy white head before offended God,  
 And we will kneel around, and fervently  
 Pray that he pity both ourselves and thee.

CEN. My friends, I do lament this insane girl  
 Has spoilt the mirth of our festivity.  
 Good night, farewell; I will not make you longer  
 Spectators of our dull domestic quarrels.  
 Another time.—

*(Exeunt all but CENCI and BEATRICE.)*

My brain is swimming round;  
 Give me a bowl of wine!

*(To Beatrice)* Thou painted viper!  
 Beast that thou art! Fair and yet terrible!  
 I know a charm shall make thee meek and tame,  
 Now get thee from my sight!

*(Exit BEATRICE.)*

Here, Andrea,  
 Fill up this goblet with Greek wine. I said  
 I would not drink this evening; but I must;  
 For, strange to say, I feel my spirits fail  
 With thinking what I have decreed to do.

*(Drinking the wine)*

Be thou the resolution of quick youth  
 Within my veins, and manhood's purpose stern,

And age's firm, cold, subtle villainy;  
As if thou wert indeed my children's blood  
Which I did thirst to drink. The charm works well;  
It must be done; it shall be done, I swear!

*(Exit.)*

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

## ACT II.

## SCENE I.

AN APARTMENT IN THE CENCI PALACE. ENTER LUCRETIA AND BERNARDO.

LUCR. Weep not, my gentle boy; he struck but me,  
Who have borne deeper wrongs. In truth, if he  
Had killed me, he had done a kinder deed.  
O, God Almighty, do thou look upon us,  
We have no other friend but only thee!  
Yet weep not; though I love you as my own,  
I am not your true mother.

BER. Oh more, more,  
Than ever mother was to any child,  
That have you been to me! Had he not been  
My father, do you think that I should weep?

LUCR. Alas! Poor boy, what else couldst thou  
have done?

*Enter BEATRICE.*

BEATR. (*In a hurried voice.*)

Did he pass this way? Have you seen him, brother?

Ah! No, that is his step upon the stairs;  
 'Tis nearer now; his hand is on the door;  
 Mother, if I to thee have ever been  
 A duteous child, now save me! Thou, great God,  
 Whose image upon earth a father is,  
 Dost thou indeed abandon me? He comes;  
 The door is opening now; I see his face;  
 He frowns on others, but he smiles on me,  
 Even as he did after the feast last night.

*Enter a Servant.*

Almighty God, how merciful thou art!

'Tis but Orsino's servant.—Well, what news?

SERV. My master bids me say, the Holy Father  
 Has sent back your petition thus unopened.  
 (Giving a paper.)

And he demands at what hour 'twere secure  
 To visit you again?

LUCR. At the Ave Mary.

*(Exit Servant.)*

So, daughter, our last hope has failed; Ah me,  
 How pale you look; you tremble, and you stand  
 Wrapped in some fixed and fearful meditation,  
 As if one thought were over strong for you:  
 Your eyes have a chill glare; O, dearest child!  
 Are you gone mad? If not, pray speak to me.

BEATR. You see I am not mad; I speak to you.

LUCR. You talked of something that your father did  
 After that dreadful feast? Could it be worse  
 Than when he smiled, and cried, My sons are dead!

And every one looked in his neighbour's face  
 To see if others were as white as he?  
 At the first word he spoke I felt the blood  
 Rush to my heart, and fell into a trance;  
 And when it past I sat all weak and wild;  
 Whilst you alone stood up, and with strong words  
 Checked his unnatural pride; and I could see  
 The devil was rebuked that lives in him.  
 Until this hour thus you have ever stood  
 Between us and your father's moody wrath  
 Like a protecting presence: your firm mind  
 Has been our only refuge and defence:  
 What can have thus subdued it? What can now  
 Have given you that cold melancholy look,  
 Succeeding to your unaccustomed fear?

BEATR. What is it that you say? I was just thinking  
 'Twere better not to struggle any more.  
 Men, like my father, have been dark and bloody,  
 Yet never—O! before worse comes of it  
 'Twere wise to die: it ends in that at last.

LUCR. Oh, talk not so, dear child! Tell me at once  
 What did your father do or say to you?  
 He stayed not after that accursed feast  
 One moment in your chamber.—Speak to me.

BER. Oh, sister, sister, prithee, speak to us!

BEATR. (*Speaking very slowly with a forced calm-  
 ness*)

It was one word, mother, one little word;

One look, one smile. (*wildly*)

Oh! He has trampled me

Under his feet, and made the blood stream down  
 My pallid cheeks. And he has given us all  
 Ditch water, and the fever-stricken flesh  
 Of buffaloes, and bade us eat or starve,  
 And we have eaten. He has made me look  
 On my beloved Bernardo, when the rust  
 Of heavy chains has gangrened his sweet limbs,  
 And I have never yet despaired—but now!  
 What would I say?

*(recovering herself.)*

Ah! No, 'tis nothing new.

The sufferings we all share have made me wild:  
 He only struck and cursed me as he passed;  
 He said, he looked, he did;—nothing at all  
 Beyond his wont, yet it disordered me.  
 Alas! I am forgetful of my duty,  
 I should preserve my senses for your sake.

LUCR. Nay, Beatrice; have courage, my sweet girl.  
 If any one despairs it should be I,  
 Who loved him once, and now must live with him  
 Till God in pity call for him or me.  
 For you may, like your sister, find some husband,  
 And smile, years hence, with children round your  
 knees;

Whilst I, then dead, and all this hideous coil,  
 Shall be remembered only as a dream.

BEATR. Talk not to me, dear lady, of a husband.  
 Did you not nurse me when my mother died?  
 Did you not shield me and that dearest boy?  
 And had we any other friend but you

In infancy, with gentle words and looks,  
To win our father not to murder us?  
And shall I now desert you? May the ghost  
Of my dead mother plead against my soul  
If I abandon her who filled the place  
She left, with more, even, than a mother's love!

BER. And I am of my sister's mind. Indeed  
I would not leave you in this wretchedness,  
Even though the Pope should make me free to live  
In some blithe place, like others of my age,  
With sports, and delicate food, and the fresh air.  
Oh, never think that I will leave you, mother!

LUCR. My dear, dear children!

*Enter CENCI, suddenly.*

CEN. What, Beatrice here!

Come hither! *(She shrinks back, and covers her face.)*

Nay, hide not your face, 'tis fair;  
Look up! Why, yesternight you dared to look  
With disobedient insolence upon me,  
Bending a stern and an inquiring brow  
On what I meant; whilst I then sought to hide  
That which I came to tell you—but in vain.

BEATR. *(Wildly, staggering towards the door.)*  
Oh, that the earth would gape! Hide me, oh God!

CEN. Then it was I whose inarticulate words  
Fell from my lips, and who with tottering steps  
Fled from your presence, as you now from mine.  
Stay, I command you: from this day and hour  
Never again, I think, with fearless eye,

And brow superior, and unaltered cheek,  
 And that lip made for tenderness or scorn,  
 Shalt thou strike dumb the meanest of mankind;  
 Me least of all. Now get thee to thy chamber!  
 Thou too, loathed image of thy cursed mother,

(*To BERNARDO*)

Thy milky, meek face makes me sick with hate!

(*Exeunt BEATR. and BER.*)

(*Aside.*) So much has past between us as must make  
 Me bold, her fearful. 'Tis an awful thing  
 To touch such mischief as I now conceive:  
 So men sit shivering on the dewy bank,  
 And try the chill stream with their feet; once in—  
 How the delighted spirit pants for joy!

LUCR. (*Advancing timidly towards him.*)

Oh, husband! Pray forgive poor Beatrice,  
 She meant not any ill.

CEN. Nor you perhaps?

Nor that young imp, whom you have taught by rote  
 Parricide with his alphabet? Nor Giacomo?  
 Nor those two most unnatural sons, who stirred  
 Enmity up against me with the Pope?  
 Whom in one night merciful God cut off:  
 Innocent lambs! They thought not any ill.  
 You were not here conspiring? You said nothing  
 Of how I might be dungeoned as a madman;  
 Or be condemned to death for some offence,  
 And you would be the witnesses?—This failing,  
 How just it were to hire assassins, or  
 Put sudden poison in my evening drink?



Or smother me when overcome by wine?  
Seeing we had no other judge but God,  
And he had sentenced me, and there were none  
But you to be the executioners  
Of his decree enregistered in heaven?  
Oh, no! You said not this?

LUCR. So help me God,  
I never thought the things you charge me with!

CEN. If you dare speak that wicked lie again  
I'll kill you. What! It was not by your counsel  
That Beatrice disturbed the feast last night?  
You did not hope to stir some enemies  
Against me, and escape, and laugh to scorn  
What every nerve of you now trembles at?  
You judged that men were bolder than they are:  
Few dare to stand between their grave and me.

LUCR. Look not so dreadfully! By my salvation,  
I knew not aught that Beatrice designed;  
Nor do I think she designed any thing  
Until she heard you talk of her dead brothers.

CEN. Blaspheming liar! You are damned for this!  
But I will take you where you may persuade  
The stones you tread on to deliver you:  
For men shall there be none but those who dare  
All things; not question that which I command.  
On Wednesday next I shall set out: you know  
That savage rock, the Castle of Petrella:  
'Tis safely walled, and moated round about:  
Its dungeons under-ground, and its thick towers,  
Never told tales; though they have heard and seen

What might make dumb things speak. Why do you  
linger?

Make speediest preparation for the journey!

(*Exit* LUCRETIA.)

The all-beholding sun yet shines; I hear  
A busy stir of men about the streets;  
I see the bright sky through the window panes:  
It is a garish, broad and peering day;  
Loud, light, suspicious, full of eyes and ears;  
And every little corner, nook, and hole,  
Is penetrated with the insolent light.  
Come, darkness! Yet, what is the day to me?  
And wherefore should I wish for night, who do  
A deed which shall confound both night and day?  
'Tis she shall grope through a bewildering mist  
Of horror: if there be a sun in heaven  
She shall not dare to look upon its beams,  
Nor feel its warmth. Let her then wish for night;  
The act I think shall soon extinguish all  
For me: I bear a darker deadlier gloom  
Than the earth's shade, or interlunar air,  
Or constellations quenched in murkiest cloud,  
In which I walk secure and unbeheld  
Towards my purpose.—Would that it were done!

(*Exit.*)

## SCENE II.

A CHAMBER IN THE VATICAN. ENTER CAMILLO AND GIACOMO,  
IN CONVERSATION.

CAM. There is an obsolete and doubtful law  
By which you might obtain a bare provision  
Of food and clothing—

GIAC. Nothing more? Alas!  
Bare must be the provision which strict law  
Awards, and aged, sullen avarice pays.  
Why did my father not apprentice me  
To some mechanic trade? I should have then  
Been trained in no high-born necessities  
Which I could meet not by my daily toil.  
The eldest son of a rich nobleman  
Is heir to all his incapacities;  
He has wide wants, and narrow powers. If you,  
Cardinal Camillo, were reduced at once  
From thrice-driven beds of down, and delicate food,  
An hundred servants, and six palaces,  
To that which nature doth indeed require?—

CAM. Nay, there is reason in your plea; 'twere hard.

GIAC. 'Tis hard for a firm man to bear: but I  
Have a dear wife, a lady of high birth,  
Whose dowry in ill hour I lent my father,  
Without a bond or witness to the deed:  
And children, who inherit her fine senses,

The fairest creatures in this breathing world;  
 And she and they reproach me not. Cardinal,  
 Do you not think the Pope would interpose,  
 And stretch authority beyond the law?

CAM. Though your peculiar case is hard, I know  
 The Pope will not divert the course of law.

After that impious feast the other night  
 I spoke with him, and urged him then to check  
 Your father's cruel hand; he frowned and said,  
 "Children are disobedient, and they sting  
 Their father's hearts to madness and despair,  
 Requiting years of care with contumely.  
 I pity the Count Cenci from my heart;  
 His outraged love perhaps awakened hate,  
 And thus he is exasperated to ill.  
 In the great war between the old and young,  
 I, who have white hairs and a tottering body,  
 Will keep at least blameless neutrality."

*Enter ORSINO.*

You, my good Lord Orsino, heard those words.

ORS. What words?

GIAC. Alas, repeat them not again!

There then is no redress for me; at least  
 None but that which I may achieve myself,  
 Since I am driven to the brink. But, say,  
 My innocent sister and my only brother  
 Are dying underneath my father's eye.  
 The memorable tortures of this land,  
 Galeaz Visconti, Borgia, Ezzelin,

Never inflicted on their meanest slave  
What these endure; shall they have no protection?

CAM. Why, if they would petition to the Pope  
I see not how he could refuse it—yet  
He holds it of most dangerous example  
In aught to weaken the paternal power,  
Being, as 'twere, the shadow of his own.  
I pray you now excuse me. I have business  
That will not bear delay. (*Exit CAMILLO.*)

GIAC. But you, Orsino,  
Have the petition: wherefore not present it?

ORS. I have presented it, and backed it with  
My earnest prayers, and urgent interest;  
It was returned unanswered. I doubt not  
But that the strange and execrable deeds  
Alleged in it (in truth they might well baffle  
Any belief) have turned the Pope's displeasure  
Upon the accusers from the criminal:  
So I should guess from what Camillo said.

GIAC. My friend, that palace-walking devil, Gold,  
Has whispered silence to his Holiness:  
And we are left, as scorpions ringed with fire,  
What should we do but strike ourselves to death?  
For he who is our murderous persecutor  
Is shielded by a father's holy name,  
Or I would— (*stops abruptly.*)

ORS. What? Fear not to speak your thought.  
Words are but holy as the deeds they cover:  
A priest who has forsworn the God he serves;  
A judge who makes truth weep at his decree;  
A friend who should weave counsel, as I now,

But as the mantle of some selfish guile ;  
 A father who is all a tyrant seems,  
 Were the profaner for his sacred name.

GIAC. Ask me not what I think ; the unwilling brain  
 Feigns often what it would not ; and we trust  
 Imagination with such fantasies  
 As the tongue dares not fashion into words ;  
 Which have no words, their horror makes them dim  
 To the mind's eye. My heart denies itself  
 To think what you demand.

ORS. But a friend's bosom  
 Is as the inmost cave of our own mind,  
 Where we sit shut from the wide gaze of day,  
 And from the all-communicating air.  
 You look what I suspected :

GIAC. Spare me now !  
 I am as one lost in a midnight wood,  
 Who dares not ask some harmless passenger  
 The path across the wilderness, lest he,  
 As my thoughts are, should be—a murderer.  
 I know you are my friend, and all I dare  
 Speak to my soul, that will I trust with thee.  
 But now my heart is heavy, and would take  
 Lone counsel from a night of sleepless care.  
 Pardon me, that I say farewell—farewell !  
 I would that to my own suspected self  
 I could address a word so full of peace.

ORS. Farewell!—Be your thoughts better or more  
 bold.

(Exit GIACOMO.)

I had disposed the Cardinal Camillo

To feed his hope with cold encouragement :  
It fortunately serves my close designs  
That 'tis a trick of this same family  
To analyse their own and other minds.  
Such self-anatomy shall teach the will  
Dangerous secrets : for it tempts our powers,  
Knowing what must be thought, and may be done,  
Into the depth of darkest purposes :  
So Cenci fell into the pit ; even I,  
Since Beatrice unveiled me to myself,  
And made me shrink from what I cannot shun,  
Shew a poor figure to my own esteem,  
To which I grow half reconciled. I'll do  
As little mischief as I can ; that thought  
Shall fee the accuser conscience.

*(After a pause)*

Now what harm

If Cenci should be murdered?—Yet, if murdered,  
Wherefore by me? And what if I could take  
The profit, yet omit the sin and peril  
In such an action? Of all earthly things  
I fear a man whose blows outspeed his words ;  
And such is Cenci : and while Cenci lives  
His daughter's dowry were a secret grave,  
If a priest wins her.—Oh, fair Beatrice !  
Would that I loved thee not, or loving thee  
Could but despise danger and gold, and all  
That frowns between my wish and its effect,  
Or smiles beyond it! There is no escape :  
Her bright form kneels beside me at the altar,  
And follows me to the resort of men,

And fills my slumber with tumultuous dreams,  
So, when I wake, my blood seems liquid fire ;  
And if I strike my damp and dizzy head,  
My hot palm scorches it : her very name,  
But spoken by a stranger, makes my heart  
Sicken and pant ; and thus unprofitably  
I clasp the phantom of unfelt delights,  
Till weak imagination half possesses  
The self-created shadow. Yet much longer  
Will I not nurse this life of feverous hours :  
From the unravelled hopes of Giacomo  
I must work out my own dear purposes.  
I see, as from a tower, the end of all :  
Her father dead ; her brother bound to me  
By a dark secret, surer than the grave ;  
Her mother scared and unexpostulating  
From the dread manner of her wish achieved :  
And she !—Once more take courage, my faint heart ;  
What dares a friendless maiden matched with thee ?  
I have such foresight as assures success :  
Some unbeheld divinity doth ever,  
When dread events are near, stir up men's minds  
To black suggestions ; and he prospers best,  
Not who becomes the instrument of ill,  
But who can flatter the dark spirit, that makes  
Its empire and its prey of other hearts,  
Till it become his slave—as I will do. *(Exit.)*



## ACT III.

## SCENE I.

AN APARTMENT IN THE CENCI PALACE. LUCRETIA, TO HER ENTER  
BEATRICE.

BEATR. (*She enters staggering, and speaks wildly.*)  
Reach me that handkerchief!—My brain is hurt;  
My eyes are full of blood; just wipe them for me—  
I see but indistinctly:—

LUCR. My sweet child,  
You have no wound; 'tis only a cold dew  
That starts from your dear brow—Alas! Alas!  
What has befallen?

BEATR. How comes this hair undone?  
Its wandering strings must be what blind me so,  
And yet I tied it fast.—O, horrible!  
The pavement sinks under my feet! The walls  
Spin round! I see a woman weeping there,  
And standing calm and motionless, whilst I  
Slide giddily as the world reels—My God!  
The beautiful blue heaven is flecked with blood!  
The sunshine on the floor is black! The air

Is changed to vapours such as the dead breathe  
 In charnel pits! Pah! I am choked! There creeps  
 A clinging, black, contaminating mist  
 About me—'tis substantial, heavy, thick,  
 I cannot pluck it from me, for it glues  
 My fingers and my limbs to one another,  
 And eats into my sinews, and dissolves  
 My flesh to a pollution, poisoning  
 The subtle, pure, and inmost spirit of life!  
 My God! I never knew what the mad felt  
 Before; for I am mad beyond all doubt!

*(more wildly)*

No, I am dead! These putrefying limbs  
 Shut round and sepulchre the panting soul,  
 Which would burst forth into the wandering air!

*(a pause)*

What hideous thought was that I had even now?  
 'Tis gone; and yet its burthen remains here  
 O'er these dull eyes—upon this weary heart!  
 O, world! O, life! O, day! O, misery!

LUCR. What ails thee, my poor child? She answers  
 not:

Her spirit apprehends the sense of pain,  
 But not its cause; suffering has dried away  
 The source from which it sprung.

BEATR. *(frantically)* Like parricide—  
 Misery has killed its father: yet its father  
 Never like mine—O, God! What thing am I?

LUCR. My dearest child, what has your father done?

BEATR. (*doubtfully*)

Who art thou, questioner? I have no father.

(*aside*)

She is the mad-house nurse who tends on me,  
It is a piteous office.

(*To Lucretia, in a slow, subdued voice.*)

Do you know

I thought I was that wretched Beatrice  
Men speak of, whom her father sometimes hales  
From hall to hall by the entangled hair;  
At others, pens up naked in damp cells  
Where scaly reptiles crawl, and starves her there,  
Till she will eat strange flesh. This woful story  
So did I overact in my sick dreams,  
That I imagined—no, it cannot be!  
Horrible things have been in this wild world,  
Prodigious mixtures, and confusions strange  
Of good and ill; and worse have been conceived  
Than ever there was found a heart to do.  
But never fancy imaged such a deed  
As—

(*pauses, suddenly recollecting herself.*)

Who art thou? Swear to me, ere I die  
With fearful expectation, that indeed  
Thou art not what thou seemest—Mother!

LUCR. Oh!

My sweet child, know you—

BEATR. Yet speak it not:

For then if this be truth, that other too  
Must be a truth, a firm enduring truth,

Linked with each lasting circumstance of life,  
 Never to change, never to pass away.  
 Why so it is. This is the Cenci Palace;  
 Thou art Lucretia; I am Beatrice.  
 I have talked some wild words, but will no more.  
 Mother, come near me: from this point of time,  
 I am—

*(her voice dies away faintly.)*

LUCR. Alas! What has befallen thee, child?  
 What has thy father done?

BEATR. What have I done?  
 Am I not innocent? Is it my crime  
 That one with white hair, and imperious brow,  
 Who tortured me from my forgotten years,  
 As parents only dare, should call himself  
 My father, yet should be!—Oh, what am I?  
 What name, what place, what memory shall be mine?  
 What retrospects, outliving even despair?

LUCR. He is a violent tyrant, surely, child:  
 We know that death alone can make us free;  
 His death or ours. But what can he have done  
 Of deadlier outrage or worse injury?  
 Thou art unlike thyself; thine eyes shoot forth  
 A wandering and strange spirit. Speak to me,  
 Unlock those pallid hands whose fingers twine  
 With one another.

BEATR. 'Tis the restless life  
 Tortured within them. If I try to speak  
 I shall go mad. Ay, something must be done;  
 What, yet I know not—something which shall make

The thing that I have suffered but a shadow  
In the dread lightning which avenges it ;  
Brief, rapid, irreversible, destroying  
The consequence of what it cannot cure.  
Some such thing is to be endured or done :  
When I know what, I shall be still and calm,  
And never any thing will move me more.  
But now !—Oh blood, which art my father's blood,  
Circling through these contaminated veins,  
If thou, poured forth on the polluted earth,  
Could wash away the crime, and punishment  
By which I suffer—no, that cannot be !  
Many might doubt there were a God above  
Who sees and permits evil, and so die :  
That faith no agony shall obscure in me.

LUCR. It must indeed have been some bitter wrong ;  
Yet what, I dare not guess. Oh, my lost child,  
Hide not in proud impenetrable grief  
Thy sufferings from my fear.

BEATR. I hide them not.  
What are the words which you would have me speak ?  
I, who can feign no image in my mind  
Of that which has transformed me : I, whose thought  
Is like a ghost shrouded and folded up  
In its own formless horror : of all words,  
That minister to mortal intercourse,  
Which wouldst thou hear ? For there is none to tell  
My misery ; if another ever knew  
Aught like to it, she died as I will die,  
And left it, as I must, without a name.

Death! Death! Our law and our religion call thee  
 A punishment and a reward.—Oh, which  
 Have I deserved?

LUCR. The peace of innocence;  
 Till in your season you be called to heaven.  
 Whate'er you may have suffered, you have done  
 No evil. Death must be the punishment  
 Of crime, or the reward of trampling down  
 The thorns which God has strewed upon the path  
 Which leads to immortality.

BEATR. Ay, death—  
 The punishment of crime. I pray thee, God,  
 Let me not be bewildered while I judge.  
 If I must live day after day, and keep  
 These limbs, the unworthy temple of thy spirit,  
 As a foul den from which what thou abhorrest  
 May mock thee, unavenged—it shall not be!  
 Self-murder? no, that might be no escape,  
 For thy decree yawns like a Hell between  
 Our will and it. O! in this mortal world  
 There is no vindication and no law  
 Which can adjudge and execute the doom  
 Of that through which I suffer.

*Enter ORSINO.*

*(She approaches him solemnly.)* Welcome, friend!  
 I have to tell you that, since last we met,  
 I have endured a wrong so great and strange,  
 That neither life nor death can give me rest.  
 Ask me not what it is, for there are deeds

Which have no form, sufferings which have no tongue.

ORS. And what is he who has thus injured you?

BEATR. The man they call my father: a dread name.

ORS. It cannot be—

BEATR. What it can be, or not,

Forbear to think. It is, and it has been;

Advise me how it shall not be again.

I thought to die, but a religious awe

Restrains me, and the dread lest death itself

Might be no refuge from the consciousness

Of what is yet unexpiated. Oh, speak!

ORS. Accuse him of the deed, and let the law  
Avenge thee.

BEATR. Oh, ice-hearted counsellor!

If I could find a word that might make known

The crime of my destroyer; and that done,

My tongue should, like a knife, tear out the secret

Which cankers my heart's core; ay, lay all bare,

So that my unpolluted fame should be

With vilest gossips a stale mouthed story;

A mock, a bye-word, an astonishment:—

If this were done, which never shall be done,

Think of the offender's gold, his dreaded hate,

And the strange horror of the accuser's tale,

Baffling belief, and overpowering speech;

Scarce whispered, unimaginable, wrapt

In hideous hints—Oh, most assured redress!

ORS. You will endure it then?

BEATR. Endure! Orsino,

It seems your counsel is small profit.

*(Turns from him, and speaks half to herself.)*

Ay,

All must be suddenly resolved and done.

What is this undistinguishable mist

Of thoughts, which rise, like shadow after shadow,

Darkening each other?

ORS. Should the offender live?

Triumph in his misdeed? and make, by use,

His crime, whate'er it is, dreadful no doubt,

Thine element; until thou mayest become

Utterly lost; subdued even to the hue

Of that which thou permittest?

BEATR. *(To herself)* Mighty death!

Thou double-visaged shadow! Only judge!

Rightfullest arbiter!

*(She retires absorbed in thought).*

LUCR. If the lightning

Of God has e'er descended to avenge—

ORS. Blaspheme not! His high Providence commits

Its glory on this earth, and their own wrongs

Into the hands of men; if they neglect

To punish crime—

LUCR. But if one, like this wretch,

Should mock, with gold, opinion, law, and power?

If there be no appeal to that which makes

The guiltiest tremble? If, because our wrongs,

For that they are unnatural, strange, and monstrous,

Exceed all measure of belief? Oh, God!



If, for the very reasons which should make  
Redress most swift and sure, our injurer triumphs?  
And we, the victims, bear worse punishment  
Than that appointed for their torturer?

ORS. Think not

But that there is redress where there is wrong,  
So we be bold enough to seize it.

LUCR. How?

If there were any way to make all sure,  
I know not—but I think it might be good  
To—

ORS. Why, his late outrage to Beatrice;  
For it is such, as I but faintly guess,  
As makes remorse dishonour, and leaves her  
Only one duty, how she may avenge:  
You, but one refuge from ills ill endured;  
Me, but one counsel—

LUCR. For we cannot hope  
That aid, or retribution, or resource,  
Will arise thence, where every other one  
Might find them with less need.

(BEATRICE *advances.*)

ORS. Then—

BEATR. Peace, Orsino!

And, honoured Lady, while I speak, I pray,  
That you put off, as garments overworn,  
Forbearance and respect, remorse and fear,  
And all the fit restraints of daily life,  
Which have been borne from childhood, but which  
now

Would be a mockery to my holier plea.  
As I have said, I have endured a wrong,  
Which, though it be expressionless, is such  
As asks atonement, both for what is past,  
And lest I be reserved, day after day,  
To load with crimes an overburthened soul,  
And be—what ye can dream not. I have prayed  
To God, and I have talked with my own heart,  
And have unravelled my entangled will,  
And have at length determined what is right.  
Art thou my friend, Orsino? False or true?  
Pledge thy salvation ere I speak.

ORS. I swear

To dedicate my cunning, and my strength,  
My silence, and whatever else is mine,  
To thy commands.

LUCR. You think we should devise  
His death?

BEATR. And execute what is devised,  
And suddenly. We must be brief and bold.

ORS. And yet most cautious.

LUCR. For the jealous laws  
Would punish us with death and infamy  
For that which it became themselves to do.

BEATR. Be cautious as ye may, but prompt. Orsino,  
What are the means?

ORS. I know two dull, fierce outlaws,  
Who think man's spirit as a worm's, and they  
Would trample out, for any slight caprice,  
The meanest or the noblest life. This mood

Is marketable here in Rome. They sell  
What we now want.

LUCR. To-morrow, before dawn,  
Cenci will take us to that lonely rock,  
Petrella, in the Apulian Apennines.  
If he arrive there—

BEATR. He must not arrive.

ORS. Will it be dark before you reach the tower?

LUCR. The sun will scarce be set.

BEATR. But I remember

Two miles on this side of the fort, the road  
Crosses a deep ravine; 'tis rough and narrow,  
And winds with short turns down the precipice;  
And in its depth there is a mighty rock,  
Which has, from unimaginable years,  
Sustained itself with terror and with toil  
Over a gulph, and with the agony  
With which it clings seems slowly coming down;  
Even as a wretched soul hour after hour,  
Clings to the mass of life; yet clinging, leans;  
And leaning, makes more dark the dread abyss  
In which it fears to fall: beneath this crag,  
Huge as despair, as if in weariness,  
The melancholy mountain yawns; below,  
You hear but see not an impetuous torrent  
Raging among the caverns, and a bridge  
Crosses the chasm; and high above there grow,  
With intersecting trunks, from crag to crag,  
Cedars, and yews, and pines; whose tangled hair  
Is matted in one solid roof of shade

By the dark ivy's twine. At noon-day here  
'Tis twilight, and at sunset blackest night.

ORS. Before you reach that bridge make some excuse

For spurring on your mules, or loitering  
Until—

BEATR. What sound is that?

LUCR. Hark! No, it cannot be a servant's step;  
It must be Cenci, unexpectedly  
Returned—Make some excuse for being here.

BEATR. (*To ORSINO, as she goes out.*)  
That step we hear approach must never pass  
The bridge of which we spoke.

(*Exeunt LUCRETIA and BEATRICE.*)

ORS. What shall I do?

Cenci must find me here, and I must bear  
The imperious inquisition of his looks  
As to what brought me hither: let me mask  
Mine own in some inane and vacant smile.

*Enter GIACOMO, in a hurried manner.*

How! Have you ventured hither? Know you then  
That Cenci is from home?

GIAC. I sought him here;  
And now must wait till he returns.

ORS. Great God!  
Weigh you the danger of this rashness?

GIAC. Ay!  
Does my destroyer know his danger? We  
Are now no more, as once, parent and child,

But man to man; the oppressor to the oppressed;  
The slanderer to the slandered; foe to foe.  
He has cast Nature off, which was his shield,  
And Nature casts him off, who is her shame;  
And I spurn both. Is it a father's throat  
Which I will shake, and say, I ask not gold;  
I ask not happy years; nor memories  
Of tranquil childhood; nor home-sheltered love;  
Though all these hast thou torn from me, and more;  
But only my fair fame; only one hoard  
Of peace, which I thought hidden from thy hate,  
Under the penury heaped on me by thee;  
Or I will—God can understand and pardon,  
Why should I speak with man?

ORS. Be calm, dear friend.

GIAC. Well, I will calmly tell you what he did.  
This old Francesco Cenci, as you know,  
Borrowed the dowry of my wife from me,  
And then denied the loan; and left me so  
In poverty, the which I sought to mend  
By holding a poor office in the state.  
It had been promised to me, and already  
I bought new clothing for my ragged babes,  
And my wife smiled; and my heart knew repose;  
When Cenci's intercession, as I found,  
Conferred this office on a wretch, whom thus  
He paid for vilest service. I returned  
With this ill news, and we sate sad together  
Solacing our despondency with tears

Of such affection and unbroken faith  
As temper life's worst bitterness ; when he,  
As he is wont, came to upbraid and curse,  
Mocking our poverty, and telling us  
Such was God's scourge for disobedient sons.  
And then, that I might strike him dumb with shame,  
I spoke of my wife's dowry ; but he coined  
A brief yet specious tale, how I had wasted  
The sum in secret riot ; and he saw  
My wife was touched, and he went smiling forth.  
And when I knew the impression he had made,  
And felt my wife insult with silent scorn  
My ardent truth, and look averse and cold,  
I went forth too : but soon returned again ;  
Yet not so soon but that my wife had taught  
My children her harsh thoughts, and they all cried,  
“ Give us clothes, father ! Give us better food !  
What you in one night squander were enough  
For months ! ” I looked, and saw that home was hell ;  
And to that hell will I return no more  
Until mine enemy has rendered up  
Atonement, or, as he gave life to me  
I will, reversing nature's law—

ORS. Trust me,  
The compensation which thou seekest here  
Will be denied.

GIAC. Then—Are you not my friend ?  
Did you not hint at the alternative,  
Upon the brink of which you see I stand,

The other day when we conversed together?  
My wrongs were then less. That word parricide,  
Although I am resolved, haunts me like fear.

ORS. It must be fear itself, for the bare word  
Is hollow mockery. Mark, how wisest God  
Draws to one point the threads of a just doom,  
So sanctifying it: what you devise  
Is, as it were, accomplished.

GIAC. Is he dead?

ORS. His grave is ready. Know that since we met  
Cenci has done an outrage to his daughter.

GIAC. What outrage?

ORS. That she speaks not, but you may  
Conceive such half conjectures as I do,  
From her fixed paleness, and the lofty grief  
Of her stern brow, bent on the idle air,  
And her severe unmodulated voice,  
Drowning both tenderness and dread; and last  
From this; that whilst her step-mother and I,  
Bewildered in our horror, talked together  
With obscure hints; both self-misunderstood,  
And darkly guessing, stumbling, in our talk,  
Over the truth, and yet to its revenge,  
She interrupted us, and with a look  
Which told before she spoke it, he must die:—

GIAC. It is enough. My doubts are well appeased;  
There is a higher reason for the act  
Than mine; there is a holier judge than me,  
A more unblamed avenger. Beatrice,  
Who in the gentleness of thy sweet youth

Hast never trodden on a worm, or bruised  
A living flower, but thou hast pitied it  
With needless tears! Fair sister, thou in whom  
Men wondered how such loveliness and wisdom  
Did not destroy each other! Is there made  
Ravage of thee? O, heart, I ask no more  
Justification! Shall I wait, Orsino,  
Till he return, and stab him at the door?

ORS. Not so; some accident might interpose  
To rescue him from what is now most sure;  
And you are unprovided where to fly,  
How to excuse or to conceal. Nay, listen:  
All is contrived; success is so assured  
That—

*Enter BEATRICE.*

BEATR. 'Tis my brother's voice! You know me not?

GIAC. My sister, my lost sister!

BEATR. Lost indeed!

I see Orsino has talked with you, and  
That you conjecture things too horrible  
To speak, yet far less than the truth. Now, stay not,  
He might return: yet kiss me; I shall know  
That then thou hast consented to his death.  
Farewell, farewell! Let piety to God,  
Brotherly love, justice, and clemency,  
And all things that make tender hardest hearts,  
Make thine hard, brother. Answer not: farewell.

*(Exeunt severally.)*



## SCENE II.

A MEAN APARTMENT IN GIACOMO'S HOUSE. GIACOMO ALONE.

GIAC. 'Tis midnight, and Orsino comes not yet.

*(Thunder, and the sound of a storm.)*

What! can the everlasting elements  
Feel with a worm like man? If so, the shaft  
Of mercy-winged lightning would not fall  
On stones and trees. My wife and children sleep:  
They are now living in unmeaning dreams:  
But I must wake, still doubting if that deed  
Be just, which was most necessary. O,  
Thou unreplenished lamp! whose narrow fire  
Is shaken by the wind, and on whose edge  
Devouring darkness hovers! Thou small flame,  
Which, as a dying pulse rises and falls,  
Still flickerest up and down, how very soon,  
Did I not feed thee, wouldst thou fail, and be  
As thou hadst never been! So wastes and sinks  
Even now, perhaps, the life that kindled mine:  
But that no power can fill with vital oil,  
That broken lamp of flesh. Ha! 'tis the blood  
Which fed these veins, that ebbs till all is cold:  
It is the form that moulded mine, that sinks  
Into the white and yellow spasms of death:  
It is the soul by which mine was arrayed

In God's immortal likeness, which now stands  
Naked before Heaven's judgment seat!

*(a bell strikes)*

One! Two!

The hours crawl on; and, when my hairs are white,  
My son will then perhaps be waiting thus,  
Tortured between just hate and vain remorse;  
Chiding the tardy messenger of news  
Like those which I expect. I almost wish  
He be not dead, although my wrongs are great;  
Yet—'tis Orsino's step—

*Enter ORSINO.*

Speak!

ORS. I am come  
To say he has escaped.

GIAC. Escaped!

ORS. And safe  
Within Petrella. He past by the spot  
Appointed for the deed an hour too soon.

GIAC. Are we the fools of such contingencies?  
And do we waste in blind misgivings thus  
The hours when we should act? Then wind and  
thunder,  
Which seemed to howl his knell, is the loud laughter  
With which Heaven mocks our weakness! I hence-  
forth

Will ne'er repent of aught, designed or done,  
But my repentance.

ORS. See, the lamp is out.

GIAC. If no remorse is ours when the dim air  
Has drank this innocent flame, why should we quail  
When Cenci's life, that light by which ill spirits  
See the worse deeds they prompt, shall sink for ever?  
No, I am hardened.

ORS. Why, what need of this?  
Who feared the pale intrusion of remorse  
In a just deed? Although our first plan failed,  
Doubt not but he will soon be laid to rest.  
But light the lamp; let us not talk i' the dark.

GIAC. (*lighting the lamp.*)  
And yet, once quenched, I cannot thus relume  
My father's life: do you not think his ghost  
Might plead that argument with God?

ORS. Once gone,  
You cannot now recal your sister's peace;  
Your own extinguished years of youth and hope;  
Nor your wife's bitter words; nor all the taunts  
Which, from the prosperous, weak misfortune takes;  
Nor your dead mother; nor—

GIAC. O, speak no more!  
I am resolved, although this very hand  
Must quench the life that animated it.

ORS. There is no need of that. Listen: you know,  
Olimpio, the castellan of Petrella  
In old Colonna's time; him whom your father  
Degraded from his post? And Marzio,  
That desperate wretch, whom he deprived last year  
Of a reward of blood, well earned and due?

GIAC. I knew Olimpio; and they say he hated  
Old Cenci so, that in his silent rage  
His lips grew white only to see him pass.  
Of Marzio I know nothing.

ORS. Marzio's hate  
Matches Olimpio's. I have sent these men,  
But in your name, and as at your request,  
To talk with Beatrice and Lucretia.

GIAC. Only to talk?

ORS. The moments which even now  
Pass onward to tomorrow's midnight hour  
May memorise their flight with death: ere then  
They must have talked, and may perhaps have done,  
And made an end—

GIAC. Listen! What sound is that?

ORS. The house-dog moans, and the beams crack:  
nought else.

GIAC. It is my wife complaining in her sleep:  
I doubt not she is saying bitter things  
Of me; and all my children round her dreaming  
That I deny them sustenance.

ORS. Whilst he  
Who truly took it from them, and who fills  
Their hungry rest with bitterness, now sleeps  
Lapped in bad pleasures, and triumphantly  
Mocks thee in visions of successful hate  
Too like the truth of day.

GIAC. If e'er he wakes  
Again, I will not trust to hireling hands—

ORS. Why, that were well. I must be gone; good  
night :

When next we meet may all be done!

GIAC. And all

Forgotten : Oh, that I had never been!

*(Exeunt.)*

END OF THE THIRD ACT.

## ACT IV.

## SCENE I.

AN APARTMENT IN THE CASTLE OF PETRELLA. ENTER CENCI.

CEN. She comes not; yet I left her even now  
Vanquished and faint. She knows the penalty  
Of her delay: yet what if threats are vain?  
Am I not now within Petrella's moat?  
Or fear I still the eyes and ears of Rome?  
Might I not drag her by the golden hair?  
Stamp on her? Keep her sleepless till her brain  
Be overworn? Tame her with chains and famine?  
Less would suffice. Yet so to leave undone  
What I most seek! No, 'tis her stubborn will,  
Which, by its own consent, shall stoop as low  
As that which drags it down.

*Enter* LUCRETIA.

Thou loathed wretch!  
Hide thee from my abhorrence; fly, begone!  
Yet stay! Bid Beatrice come hither.

LUCR. Oh,  
Husband! I pray, for thine own wretched sake,

Heed what thou dost. A man who walks like thee  
 Through crimes, and through the danger of his crimes,  
 Each hour may stumble o'er a sudden grave.  
 And thou art old; thy hairs are hoary gray;  
 As thou wouldst save thyself from death and hell,  
 Pity thy daughter; give her to some friend  
 In marriage: so that she may tempt thee not  
 To hatred, or worse thoughts, if worse there be.

CEN. What! like her sister who has found a home  
 To mock my hate from with prosperity?  
 Strange ruin shall destroy both her and thee  
 And all that yet remain. My death may be  
 Rapid, her destiny outspeeds it. Go,  
 Bid her come hither, and before my mood  
 Be changed, lest I should drag her by the hair.

LUCR. She sent me to thee, husband. At thy pre-  
 sence

She fell, as thou dost know, into a trance;  
 And in that trance she heard a voice which said,  
 "Cenci must die! Let him confess himself!  
 "Even now the accusing angel waits to hear  
 "If God, to punish his enormous crimes,  
 "Harden his dying heart!"

CEN. Why—such things are:  
 No doubt divine revealings may be made.  
 'Tis plain I have been favoured from above,  
 For when I cursed my sons they died—Ay—so—  
 As to the right or wrong that's talk—repentance—  
 Repentance is an easy moment's work,  
 And more depends on God than me. Well—well—

I must give up the greater point, which was  
To poison and corrupt her soul.

*(A pause; Lucretia approaches anxiously, and then  
shrinks back as he speaks.)*

*(The first of the two.)* One, two;

Ay—Rocco and Cristofano my curse  
Strangled: and Giacomo, I think, will find  
Life a worse Hell than that beyond the grave:  
Beatrice shall, if there be skill in hate,  
Die in despair, blaspheming: to Bernardo,  
He is so innocent, I will bequeath  
The memory of these deeds, and make his youth  
The sepulchre of hope, where evil thoughts  
Shall grow like weeds on a neglected tomb.  
When all is done, out in the wide Campagna  
I will pile up my silver and my gold;  
My costly robes, paintings, and tapestries;  
My parchments and all records of my wealth;  
And make a bonfire in my joy, and leave  
Of my possessions nothing but my name;  
Which shall be an inheritance to strip  
Its wearer bare as infamy. That done,  
My soul, which is a scourge, will I resign  
Into the hands of him who wielded it;—  
Be it for its own punishment or theirs,  
He will not ask it of me till the lash  
Be broken in its last and deepest wound;  
Until its hate be all inflicted. Yet,  
Lest death outspeed my purpose, let me make  
Short work and sure— *(going.)*



LUCR. (*stops him.*) Oh, stay! It was a feint:  
She had no vision, and she heard no voice.  
I said it but to awe thee.

CEN. That is well.

Vile palterer with the sacred truth of God,  
Be thy soul choked with that blaspheming lie!  
For Beatrice, worse terrors are in store,  
To bend her to my will.

LUCR. Oh! to what will?

What cruel sufferings; more than she has known,  
Canst thou inflict?

CEN. Andrea! Go call my daughter,  
And if she comes not tell her that I come.  
What sufferings? I will drag her, step by step,  
Through infamies unheard of among men:  
She shall stand shelterless in the broad noon  
Of public scorn, for acts blazoned abroad,  
One among which shall be—What? Canst thou guess?  
She shall become (for what she most abhors  
Shall have a fascination to entrap  
Her loathing will) to her own conscious self  
All she appears to others; and when dead,  
As she shall die unshrived and unforgiven,  
A rebel to her father and her God,  
Her corpse shall be abandoned to the hounds;  
Her name shall be the terror of the earth;  
Her spirit shall approach the throne of God  
Plague-spotted with my curses. I will make  
Body and soul a monstrous lump of ruin.

*Enter* ANDREA.

ANDR. The lady Beatrice—

CEN. Speak, pale slave! What  
Said she?

ANDR. My Lord, 'twas what she looked she said:  
“Go tell my father that I see the gulph  
“Of Hell between us two, which he may pass,  
“I will not.”

*(Exit* ANDREA.)

CEN. Go thou quick, Lucretia,  
Tell her to come; yet let her understand  
Her coming is consent; and say, moreover,  
That if she come not I will curse her.

*(Exit* LUCRETIA.)

Ha!

With what but with a father's curse doth God  
Panic-strike armed victory, and make pale  
Cities in their prosperity? The world's Father  
Must grant a parent's prayer against his child,  
Be he who asks even what men call me.  
Will not the deaths of her rebellious brothers  
Awe her before I speak? For I on them  
Did imprecate quick ruin, and it came.

*Enter* LUCRETIA.

Well; what? Speak, wretch!

LUCR. She said, “I cannot come;  
“Go tell my father that I see a torrent  
“Of his own blood raging between us.”

CEN. (*kneeling.*) God!

Hear me! If this most specious mass of flesh,  
Which thou hast made my daughter; this my blood,  
This particle of my divided being;  
Or rather, this my bane and my disease,  
Whose sight infects and poisons me; this devil  
Which sprung from me as from a hell, was meant  
To aught good use; if her bright loveliness  
Was kindled to illumine this dark world;  
If nursed by thy selectest dew of love  
Such virtues blossom in her as should make  
The peace of life, I pray thee, for my sake,  
As thou the common God and Father art  
Of her, and me, and all; reverse that doom!  
Earth, in the name of God, let her food be  
Poison, until she be encrusted round  
With leprous stains! Heaven, rain upon her head  
The blistering drops of the Maremma's dew,  
Till she be speckled like a toad; parch up  
Those love-enkindled lips, warp those fine limbs  
To loathed lameness! All beholding sun,  
Strike in thine envy those life-darting eyes  
With thine own blinding beams!

LUCR. Peace! Peace!

For thine own sake unsay those dreadful words.  
When high God grants, he punishes such prayers.

CEN. (*leaping up, and throwing his right hand to-  
wards Heaven.*)

He does his will, I mine! This in addition,  
That if she have a child—

LUCR. Horrible thought!

CEN. That if she ever have a child; and thou,  
Quick Nature! I adjure thee by thy God,  
That thou be fruitful in her, and encrease  
And multiply, fulfilling his command,  
And my deep imprecation! May it be  
A hideous likeness of herself; that, as  
From a distorting mirror, she may see  
Her image mixed with what she most abhors,  
Smiling upon her from her nursing breast.  
And that the child may from its infancy  
Grow, day by day, more wicked and deformed,  
Turning her mother's love to misery:  
And that both she and it may live, until  
It shall repay her care and pain with hate,  
Or what may else be more unnatural.  
So he may hunt her through the clamorous scoffs  
Of the loud world to a dishonoured grave.  
Shall I revoke this curse? Go, bid her come,  
Before my words are chronicled in heaven.

(Exit LUCRETIA.)

I do not feel as if I were a man,  
But like a fiend appointed to chastise  
The offences of some unremembered world.  
My blood is running up and down my veins;  
A fearful pleasure makes it prick and tingle:  
I feel a giddy sickness of strange awe;  
My heart is beating with an expectation  
Of horrid joy.

*Enter* LUCRETIA.

What? Speak!

LUCR. She bids thee curse;  
And if thy curses, as they cannot do,  
Could kill her soul—

CEN. She would not come. 'Tis well,  
I can do both: first take what I demand,  
And then extort concession. To thy chamber!  
Fly ere I spurn thee: and beware this night  
That thou cross not my footsteps. It were safer  
To come between the tiger and his prey.

*(Exit* LUCRETIA.)

It must be late; mine eyes grow weary dim  
With unaccustomed heaviness of sleep.  
Conscience! Oh, thou most insolent of lies!  
They say that sleep; that healing dew of heaven,  
Steeps not in balm the foldings of the brain  
Which thinks thee an impostor. I will go,  
First to belie thee with an hour of rest,  
Which will be deep and calm, I feel: and then—  
O, multitudinous Hell, the fiends will shake  
Thine arches with the laughter of their joy!  
There shall be lamentation heard in Heaven  
As o'er an angel fallen; and upon Earth  
All good shall droop and sicken, and ill things  
Shall, with a spirit of unnatural life,  
Stir and be quickened; even as I am now.

*(Exit.)*

## SCENE II.

BEFORE THE CASTLE OF PETRELLA. ENTER BEATRICE AND  
LUCRETIA ABOVE ON THE RAMPARTS.

BEATR. They come not yet.

LUCR. 'Tis scarce midnight.

BEATR. How slow

Behind the course of thought, even sick with speed,  
Lags leaden-footed time!

LUCR. The minutes pass—

If he should wake before the deed is done?

BEATR. O, mother! he must never wake again.

What thou hast said persuades me that our act  
Will but dislodge a spirit of deep hell  
Out of a human form.

LUCR. 'Tis true he spoke

Of death and judgment with strange confidence  
For one so wicked; as a man believing  
In God, yet recking not of good or ill.  
And yet to die without confession!

BEATR. Oh!

Believe that Heaven is merciful and just,  
And will not add our dread necessity  
To the amount of his offences.

*Enter OLIMPIO and MARZIO below.*

LUCR. See,  
They come.

BEATR. All mortal things must hasten thus  
To their dark end. Let us go down.

*(Exeunt LUCRETIA and BEATRICE from above.)*

OLIM. How feel you to this work?

MAR. As one who thinks  
A thousand crowns excellent market price  
For an old murderer's life. Your cheeks are pale.

OLIM. It is the white reflection of your own,  
Which you call pale.

MAR. Is that their natural hue?

OLIM. Or 'tis my hate, and the deferred desire  
To wreak it, which extinguishes their blood.

MAR. You are inclined then to this business?

OLIM. Ay,  
If one should bribe me with a thousand crowns  
To kill a serpent which had stung my child,  
I could not be more willing.

*Enter BEATRICE and LUCRETIA below.*

Noble ladies!

BEATR. Are ye resolved?

OLIM. Is he asleep?

MAR. Is all  
Quiet?

LUCR. I mixed an opiate with his drink:  
He sleeps so soundly—

BEATR. That his death will be

But as a change of sin-chastising dreams,  
 A dark continuance of the Hell within him,  
 Which God extinguish! But ye are resolved?  
 Ye know it is a high and holy deed?

OLIM. We are resolved.

MAR. As to the how this act  
 Be warranted, it rests with you.

BEATR. Well, follow!

OLIM. Hush! Hark! What noise is that?

MAR. Ha! some one comes!

BEATR. Ye conscience-stricken cravens, rock to rest  
 Your baby hearts. It is the iron gate,  
 Which ye left open, swinging to the wind,  
 That enters whistling as in scorn. Come, follow!  
 And be your steps like mine, light, quick, and bold.  
 (Exeunt.)

### SCENE III.

AN APARTMENT IN THE CASTLE. ENTER BEATRICE AND  
 LUCRETIA.

LUCR. They are about it now.

BEATR. Nay, it is done.

LUCR. I have not heard him groan.

BEATR. He will not groan.

LUCR. What sound is that?

BEATR. List! 'tis the tread of feet  
 About his bed.



LUCR. My God!

If he be now a cold stiff corpse.

BEATR. O, fear not

What may be done, but what is left undone :

The act seals all.

*Enter OLIMPIO and MARZIO.*

Is it accomplished ?

MAR. What ?

OLIM. Did you not call ?

BEATR. When ?

OLIM. Now.

BEATR. I ask if all is over ?

OLIM. We dare not kill an old and sleeping man ;

His thin grey hair, his stern and reverent brow,

His veined hands crossed on his heaving breast,

And the calm innocent sleep in which he lay,

Quelled me. Indeed, indeed, I cannot do it.

MAR. But I was bolder ; for I chid Olimpio,

And bade him bear his wrongs to his own grave

And leave me the reward. And now my knife

Touched the loose wrinkled throat, when the old man

Stirred in his sleep, and said, " God ! hear, O, hear

" A father's curse ! What art thou not our father ? "

And then he laughed. I knew it was the ghost

Of my dead father speaking through his lips,

And could not kill him.

BEATR. Miserable slaves !

Where, if ye dare not kill a sleeping man,

Found ye the boldness to return to me

With such a deed undone? Base palterers!  
 Cowards and traitors! Why, the very conscience  
 Which ye would sell for gold and for revenge  
 Is an equivocation: it sleeps over  
 A thousand daily acts disgracing men;  
 And when a deed where mercy insults heaven—  
 Why do I talk?

*(Snatching a dagger from one of them and raising it.)*

Hadst thou a tongue to say,  
 She murdered her own father, I must do it!  
 But never dream ye shall outlive him long!

OLIM. Stop, for God's sake!

MAR. I will go back and kill him.

OLIM. Give me the weapon, we must do thy will.

BEATR. Take it! Depart! Return!

*(Exeunt OLIM. and MAR.)*

How pale thou art!

We do but that which 'twere a deadly crime  
 To leave undone.

LUCR. Would it were done!

BEATR. Even whilst

That doubt is passing through your mind, the world  
 Is conscious of a change. Darkness and hell  
 Have swallowed up the vapour they sent forth  
 To blacken the sweet light of life. My breath  
 Comes, methinks, lighter, and the gellied blood  
 Runs freely through my veins. Hark!

*Enter OLIMPIO and MARZIO.*

He is—

OLIM. Dead!

MAR. We strangled him that there might be no  
blood;

And then we threw his heavy corpse i' the garden  
Under the balcony; 'twill seem it fell.

BEATR. (*giving them a bag of coin.*)

Here, take this gold, and hasten to your homes.

And, Marzio, because thou wast only awed

By that which made me tremble, wear thou this!

(*Clothes him in a rich mantle.*)

It was the mantle which my grandfather

Wore in his high prosperity, and men

Envied his state: so may they envy thine.

Thou wert a weapon in the hand of God

To a just use. Live long and thrive! And, mark,

If thou hast crimes, repent: this deed is none.

(*A horn is sounded.*)

LUCR. Hark! 'tis the castle horn; my God! it sounds  
Like the last trump.

BEATR. Some tedious guest is coming.

LUCR. The drawbridge is let down; there is a tramp  
Of horses in the court; fly, hide yourselves!

(*Exeunt OLIM. and MAR.*)

BEATR. Let us retire to counterfeit deep rest;

I scarcely need to counterfeit it now:

The spirit which doth reign within these limbs

Seems strangely undisturbed. I could even sleep

Fearless and calm: all ill is surely past.

(*Exeunt.*)

## SCENE IV.

ANOTHER APARTMENT IN THE CASTLE. ENTER ON ONE SIDE THE LEGATE SAVELLA, INTRODUCED BY A SERVANT, AND ON THE OTHER LUCRETIA AND BERNARDO.

SAV. Lady, my duty to his Holiness  
Be my excuse that thus unseasonably  
I break upon your rest. I must speak with  
Count Cenci; doth he sleep?

LUCR. (*in a hurried and confused manner.*)  
I think he sleeps;  
Yet, wake him not, I pray, spare me awhile,  
He is a wicked and a wrathful man;  
Should he be roused out of his sleep to-night,  
Which is, I know, a hell of angry dreams,  
It were not well; indeed it were not well.  
Wait till day break—

(*aside*) O, I am deadly sick!

SAV. I grieve thus to distress you, but the Count  
Must answer charges of the gravest import,  
And suddenly; such my commission is.

LUCR. (*with increased agitation.*)  
I dare not rouse him: I know none who dare:  
'Twere perilous;—you might as safely waken  
A serpent; or a corpse in which some fiend  
Were laid to sleep.

SAV. Lady, my moments here  
Are counted. I must rouse him from his sleep,  
Since none else dare.

LUCR. (*aside*) O, terror! O, despair!  
(*To Bernardo.*)

Bernardo, conduct you the Lord Legate to  
Your father's chamber.

(*Exeunt SAV. and BERN.*)

*Enter BEATRICE.*

BEATR. 'Tis a messenger  
Come to arrest the culprit who now stands  
Before the throne of unappealable God.  
Both Earth and Heaven, consenting arbiters,  
Acquit our deed.

LUCR. Oh, agony of fear!  
Would that he yet might live! Even now I heard  
The Legate's followers whisper, as they passed,  
They had a warrant for his instant death.  
All was prepared by unforbidden means,  
Which we must pay so dearly, having done.  
Even now they search the tower, and find the body;  
Now they suspect the truth; now they consult  
Before they come to tax us with the fact:  
O, horrible, 'tis all discovered!

BEATR. Mother,  
What is done wisely, is done well. Be bold  
As thou art just. 'Tis like a truant child  
To fear that others know what thou hast done,  
Even from thine own strong consciousness, and thus

Write on unsteady eyes and altered cheeks  
 All thou wouldst hide. Be faithful to thyself,  
 And fear no other witness but thy fear.  
 For if, as cannot be, some circumstance  
 Should rise in accusation, we can blind  
 Suspicion with such cheap astonishment,  
 Or overbear it with such guiltless pride,  
 As murderers cannot feign. The deed is done,  
 And what may follow now regards not me.  
 I am as universal as the light;  
 Free as the earth-surrounding air; as firm  
 As the world's centre. Consequence, to me,  
 Is as the wind which strikes the solid rock  
 But shakes it not.

*(A cry within and tumult.)*

VOICES. Murder! Murder! Murder!

*Enter BERNARDO and SAVELLA.*

SAV. *(to his followers.)*

Go search the castle round; sound the alarm;  
 Look to the gates that none escape!

BEATR. What now?

BER. I know not what to say: my father's dead!

BEATR. How? dead? he only sleeps: you mistake,  
 brother.

His sleep is very calm, very like death;  
 'Tis wonderful how well a tyrant sleeps.

He is not *dead*?

BER. Dead! murdered!

LUCR. *(with extreme agitation.)* Oh, no, no,

He is not murdered, though he may be dead ;  
I have alone the keys of those apartments.

SAV. Ha ! Is it so ?

BEATR. My Lord, I pray excuse us ;  
We will retire ; my mother is not well :  
She seems quite overcome with this strange horror.

*(Exeunt LUCR. and BEATR.)*

SAV. Can you suspect who may have murdered him ?

BER. I know not what to think.

SAV. Can you name any  
Who had an interest in his death ?

BER. Alas !

I can name none who had not, and those most  
Who most lament that such a deed is done ;  
My mother, and my sister, and myself.

SAV. 'Tis strange ! There were clear marks of violence.

I found the old man's body in the moonlight  
Hanging beneath the window of his chamber,  
Among the branches of a pine : he could not  
Have fallen there, for all his limbs lay heaped  
And effortless ; 'tis true there was no blood.  
Favour me, Sir, (it much imports your house  
That all should be made clear) to tell the ladies  
That I request their presence.

*(Exit BER.)*

*Enter Guards, bringing in MARZIO.*

GUARD. We have one.

OFFICER. My Lord, we found this ruffian and another

Lurking among the rocks; there is no doubt  
 But that they are the murderers of Count Cenci:  
 Each had a bag of coin; this fellow wore  
 A gold-inwoven robe, which, shining bright  
 Under the dark rocks to the glimmering moon,  
 Betrayed them to our notice: the other fell  
 Desperately fighting.

SAV. What does he confess?

OFFICER. He keeps firm silence; but these lines  
 found on him

May speak.

SAV. Their language is at least sincere.

*(reads.)*

“TO THE LADY BEATRICE.

“That the atonement of what my nature sickens to  
 conjecture may soon arrive, I send thee, at thy brother’s  
 desire, those who will speak and do more than I dare  
 write—

Thy devoted servant,

“ORSINO.”

*Enter* LUCRETIA, BEATRICE, and BERNARDO.

Knowest thou this writing, Lady?

BEATR. No.

SAV. Nor thou?

LUCR. *(Her conduct throughout the scene is marked  
 by extreme agitation.)*

Where was it found? What is it? It should be  
 Orsino’s hand! It speaks of that strange horror



Which never yet found utterance, but which made  
Between that hapless child and her dead father  
A gulph of obscure hatred.

SAV. Is it so?

Is it true, Lady, that thy father did  
Such outrages as to awaken in thee  
Unfilial hate?

BEATR. Not hate, 'twas more than hate :  
This is most true, yet wherefore question me?

SAV. There is a deed demanding question done ;  
Thou hast a secret which will answer not.

BEATR. What sayest? My Lord, your words are  
bold and rash.

SAV. I do arrest all present in the name  
Of the Pope's Holiness. You must to Rome.

LUCR. O, not to Rome! Indeed we are not guilty.

BEATR. Guilty! Who dares talk of guilt? My Lord,  
I am more innocent of parricide  
Than is a child born fatherless. Dear mother,  
Your gentleness and patience are no shield  
For this keen-judging world, this two-edged lie,  
Which seems, but is not. What! will human laws,  
Rather will ye who are their ministers,  
Bar all access to retribution first,  
And then, when heaven doth interpose to do  
What ye neglect, arming familiar things  
To the redress of an unwonted crime,  
Make ye the victims who demanded it  
Culprits? 'Tis ye are culprits! That poor wretch  
Who stands so pale, and trembling, and amazed,

If it be true he murdered Cenci, was  
A sword in the right hand of justest God.  
Wherefore should I have wielded it? Unless  
The crimes which mortal tongue dare never name  
God therefore scruples to avenge.

SAV. You own

That you desired his death?

BEATR. It would have been

A crime no less than his, if, for one moment,  
That fierce desire had faded in my heart.  
'Tis true I did believe, and hope, and pray,  
Ay, I even knew—for God is wise and just,  
That some strange sudden death hung over him.  
'Tis true that this did happen, and most true  
There was no other rest for me on earth,  
No other hope in Heaven: now what of this?

SAV. Strange thoughts beget strange deeds; and  
here are both:

I judge thee not.

BEATR. And yet, if you arrest me,  
You are the judge and executioner  
Of that which is the life of life: the breath  
Of accusation kills an innocent name,  
And leaves for lame acquittal the poor life  
Which is a mask without it. 'Tis most false  
That I am guilty of foul parricide;  
Although I must rejoice, for justest cause,  
That other hands have sent my father's soul  
To ask the mercy he denied to me.  
Now leave us free: stain not a noble house

With vague surmises of rejected crime ;  
 Add to our sufferings and your own neglect  
 No heavier sum ; let them have been enough ;  
 Leave us the wreck we have.

SAV. I dare not, Lady.

I pray that you prepare yourselves for Rome :  
 There the Pope's further pleasure will be known.

LUCR. O, not to Rome ! O, take us not to Rome !

BEATR. Why not to Rome, dear mother ? There as  
 here

Our innocence is as an armed heel  
 To trample accusation. God is there  
 As here, and with his shadow ever clothes  
 The innocent, the injured, and the weak ;  
 And such are we. Cheer up, dear Lady, lean  
 On me ; collect your wandering thoughts. My Lord,  
 As soon as you have taken some refreshment,  
 And had all such examinations made  
 Upon the spot, as may be necessary  
 To the full understanding of this matter,  
 We shall be ready. Mother, will you come ?

LUCR. Ha ! they will bind us to the rack, and wrest  
 Self-accusation from our agony !

Will Giacomo be there ? Orsino ? Marzio ?  
 All present ; all confronted ; all demanding  
 Each from the others countenance the thing  
 Which is in every heart ! O, misery !

*(She faints, and is borne out.)*

SAV. She faints : an ill appearance this.

BEATR. My Lord,

She knows not yet the uses of the world.  
She fears that power is as a beast which grasps  
And loosens not : a snake, whose look transmutes  
All things to guilt which is its nutriment ;  
She cannot know how well the supine slaves  
Of blind authority read the truth of things  
When written on a brow of guilelessness :  
She sees not yet triumphant Innocence  
Stand at the judgment-seat of mortal man,  
A judge and an accuser of the wrong  
Which drags it there. Prepare yourself, my Lord ;  
Our suite will join yours in the court below.

*(Exeunt.)*

END OF THE FOURTH ACT.

## ACT V.

## SCENE I.

AN APARTMENT IN ORSINO'S PALACE. ENTER ORSINO AND GIACOMO.

GIAC. Do evil deeds thus quickly come to end?  
O, that the vain remorse which must chastise  
Crimes done, had but as loud a voice to warn  
As its keen sting is mortal to avenge!  
O, that the hour when present had cast off  
The mantle of its mystery, and shewn  
The ghastly form with which it now returns  
When its scared game is roused, cheering the hounds  
Of conscience to their prey! Alas! Alas!  
It was a wicked thought, a piteous deed,  
To kill an old and hoary-headed father.

ORS. It has turned out unluckily, in truth.

GIAC. To violate the sacred doors of sleep;  
To cheat kind nature of the placid death  
Which she prepares for over-wearied age;  
To drag from Heaven an unrepentant soul  
Which might have quenched in reconciling prayers  
A life of burning crimes—

ORS. You cannot say  
I urged you to the deed.

GIAC. O, had I never  
Found in thy smooth and ready countenance  
The mirror of my darkest thoughts; hadst thou  
Never with hints and questions made me look  
Upon the monster of my thought, until  
It grew familiar to desire—

ORS. 'Tis thus  
Men cast the blame of their unprosperous acts  
Upon the abettors of their own resolve;  
Or any thing but their weak, guilty selves.  
And yet, confess the truth, it is the peril  
In which you stand that gives you this pale sickness  
Of penitence; confess 'tis fear disguised  
From its own shame that takes the mantle now  
Of thin remorse. What if we yet were safe?

GIAC. How can that be? Already Beatrice,  
Lucretia, and the murderer, are in prison.  
I doubt not officers are, whilst we speak,  
Sent to arrest us.

ORS. I have all prepared  
For instant flight. We can escape even now,  
So we take fleet occasion by the hair.

GIAC. Rather expire in tortures, as I may.  
What! will you cast by self-accusing flight  
Assured conviction upon Beatrice?  
She, who alone in this unnatural work,  
Stands like God's angel ministered upon  
By fiends; avenging such a nameless wrong

As turns black parricide to piety;  
 Whilst we for basest ends—I fear, Orsino,  
 While I consider all your words and looks,  
 Comparing them with your proposal now,  
 That you must be a villain. For what end  
 Could you engage in such a perilous crime,  
 Training me on with hints, and signs, and smiles,  
 Even to this gulph? Thou art no liar? No,  
 Thou art a lie! Traitor and murderer!  
 Coward and slave! But, no, defend thyself;

*(drawing.)*

Let the sword speak what the indignant tongue  
 Disdains to brand thee with.

ORS. Put up your weapon.

Is it the desperation of your fear  
 Makes you thus rash and sudden with a friend,  
 Now ruined for your sake? If honest anger  
 Have moved you, know, that what I just proposed  
 Was but to try you. As for me, I think  
 Thankless affection led me to this point,  
 From which, if my firm temper could repent,  
 I cannot now recede. Even whilst we speak  
 The ministers of justice wait below:  
 They grant me these brief moments. Now if you  
 Have any word of melancholy comfort  
 To speak to your pale wife, 'twere best to pass  
 Out at the postern, and avoid them so.

GIAC. O, generous friend! how canst thou pardon me?  
 Would that my life could purchase thine!

ORS. That wish

Now comes a day too late. Haste; fare thee well!  
Hear'st thou not steps along the corridor?

*(Exit GIACOMO.)*

I'm sorry for it; but the guards are waiting  
At his own gate, and such was my contrivance  
That I might rid me both of him and them.  
I thought to act a solemn comedy  
Upon the painted scene of this new world,  
And to attain my own peculiar ends  
By some such plot of mingled good and ill  
As others weave; but there arose a Power  
Which graspt and snapped the threads of my device,  
And turned it to a net of ruin—Ha!

*(a shout is heard.)*

Is that my name I hear proclaimed abroad?  
But I will pass, wrapt in a vile disguise;  
Rags on my back, and a false innocence  
Upon my face, through the misdeeming crowd  
Which judges by what seems. 'Tis easy then  
For a new name and for a country new,  
And a new life, fashioned on old desires,  
To change the honours of abandoned Rome.  
And these must be the masks of that within,  
Which must remain unaltered. Oh, I fear  
That what is past will never let me rest!  
Why, when none else is conscious but myself  
Of my misdeeds, should my own heart's contempt  
Trouble me? Have I not the power to fly  
My own reproaches? Shall I be the slave  
Of—what? A word? which those of this false world



Employ against each other, not themselves;  
 As men wear daggers not for self-offence.  
 But if I am mistaken, where shall I  
 Find the disguise to hide me from myself,  
 As now I skulk from every other eye?

*(Exit.)*

## SCENE II.

A HALL OF JUSTICE. CAMILLO, JUDGES, &c. ARE DISCOVERED SEATED.  
 MARZIO IS LED IN.

1st JUDGE. Accused, do you persist in your denial?  
 I ask you, are you innocent, or guilty?  
 I demand who were the participators  
 In your offence? Speak truth and the whole truth.

MAR. My God! I did not kill him; I know nothing;  
 Olimpio sold the robe to me from which  
 You would infer my guilt.

2nd JUDGE. Away with him!

1st JUDGE. Dare you, with lips yet white from the  
 rack's kiss,

Speak false? Is it so soft a questioner,  
 That you would bandy lover's talk with it  
 Till it wind out your life and soul? Away!

MAR. Spare me! O, spare! I will confess.

1st JUDGE. Then speak.

MAR. I strangled him in his sleep.

1st JUDGE. Who urged you to it?

MAR. His own son Giacomo, and the young prelate  
Orsino sent me to Petrella; there  
The ladies Beatrice and Lucretia  
Tempted me with a thousand crowns, and I  
And my companion forthwith murdered him.  
Now let me die.

1st JUDGE. This sounds as bad as truth. Guards, there,  
Lead forth the prisoners.

*Enter LUCRETIA, BEATRICE, and GIACOMO, guarded.*

Look upon this man;  
When did you see him last?

BEATR. We never saw him.

MAR. You know me too well, Lady Beatrice.

BEATR. I know thee! How? where? when?

MAR. You know 'twas I

Whom you did urge with menaces and bribes  
To kill your father. When the thing was done  
You clothed me in a robe of woven gold  
And bade me thrive: how I have thriven, you see.  
You, my Lord Giacomo, Lady Lucretia,  
You know that what I speak is true.

*(BEATRICE advances towards him; he covers  
his face, and shrinks back.)*

O, dart

The terrible resentment of those eyes  
On the dead earth! Turn them away from me!  
They wound: 'twas torture forced the truth. My Lords,  
Having said this, let me be led to death.

BEATR. Poor wretch, I pity thee: yet stay awhile.

CAM. Guards, lead him not away.

BEATR. Cardinal Camillo,

You have a good repute for gentleness  
And wisdom : can it be that you sit here  
To countenance a wicked farce like this?  
When some obscure and trembling slave is dragged  
From sufferings which might shake the sternest heart,  
And bade to answer, not as he believes,  
But as those may suspect or do desire,  
Whose questions thence suggest their own reply;  
And that in peril of such hideous torments  
As merciful God spares even the damned. Speak now  
The thing you surely know, which is, that you  
If your fine frame were stretched upon that wheel,  
And you were told : “ Confess that you did poison  
Your little nephew ; that fair blue-eyed child  
Who was the loadstar of your life : ” — and though  
All see, since his most swift and piteous death,  
That day and night, and heaven and earth, and time,  
And all the things hoped for or done therein  
Are changed to you, through your exceeding grief,  
Yet you would say, “ I confess any thing : ”  
And beg from your tormentors, like that slave,  
The refuge of dishonourable death.  
I pray thee, Cardinal, that thou assert  
My innocence.

CAM. (*much moved*) What shall we think, my Lords?  
Shame on these tears ! I thought the heart was frozen  
Which is their fountain. I would pledge my soul  
That she is guiltless.

JUDGE. Yet she must be tortured.

CAM. I would as soon have tortured mine own nephew:  
 (If he now lived he would be just her age;  
 His hair, too, was her colour, and his eyes  
 Like her's in shape, but blue and not so deep)  
 As that most perfect image of God's love  
 That ever came sorrowing upon the earth.  
 She is as pure as speechless infancy!

JUDGE. Well, be her purity on your head, my Lord,  
 If you forbid the rack. His Holiness  
 Enjoined us to pursue this monstrous crime  
 By the severest forms of law; nay, even  
 To stretch a point against the criminals.  
 The prisoners stand accused of parricide  
 Upon such evidence as justifies  
 Torture.

BEATR. What evidence? This man's?

JUDGE. Even so.

BEATR. (*to MARZIO.*) Come near. And who art  
 thou thus chosen forth  
 Out of the multitude of living men  
 To kill the innocent?

MAR. I am Marzio,  
 Thy father's vassal.

BEATR. Fix thine eyes on mine;  
 Answer to what I ask.

(*turning to the Judges.*)

I prithee mark  
 His countenance: unlike bold calumny  
 Which sometimes dares not speak the thing it looks,

He dares not look the thing he speaks, but bends  
His gaze on the blind earth.

(to MARZIO.)

What! wilt thou say

That I did murder my own father?

MAR. Oh!

Spare me! My brain swims round—I cannot speak—  
It was that horrid torture forced the truth.

Take me away! Let her not look on me!

I am a guilty, miserable wretch;

I have said all I know; now, let me die!

BEATR. My Lords, if by my nature I had been  
So stern, as to have planned the crime alleged,

Which your suspicions dictate to this slave,  
And the rack makes him utter, do you think

I should have left this two-edged instrument

Of my misdeed; this man, this bloody knife

With my own name engraven on the hilt

Lying unsheathed amid a world of foes,

For my own death? That with such horrible need

For deepest silence, I should have neglected

So trivial a precaution, as the making

His tomb the keeper of a secret written

On a thief's memory? What is his poor life?

What are a thousand lives? A parricide

Had trampled them like dust; and see, he lives!

(turning to MARZIO.)

And thou—

MAR. Oh, spare me! Speak to me no more!

That stern yet piteous look, those solemn tones,  
Wound worse than torture.

*(to the Judges.)*

I have told it all ;  
For pity's sake lead me away to death.

CAM. Guards, lead him nearer the Lady Beatrice,  
He shrinks from her regard like autumn's leaf  
From the keen breath of the serenest north.

BEATR. Oh, thou who tremblest on the giddy verge  
Of life and death, pause ere thou answerest me ;  
So mayst thou answer God with less dismay :  
What evil have we done thee ? I, alas !  
Have lived but on this earth a few sad years  
And so my lot was ordered, that a father  
First turned the moments of awakening life  
To drops, each poisoning youth's sweet hope ; and then  
Stabbed with one blow my everlasting soul ;  
And my untainted fame ; and even that peace  
Which sleeps within the core of the heart's heart.  
But the wound was not mortal ; so my hate  
Became the only worship I could lift  
To our great father, who in pity and love,  
Armed thee, as thou dost say, to cut him off ;  
And thus his wrong becomes my accusation ;  
And art thou the accuser ? If thou hopest  
Mercy in heaven, shew justice upon earth :  
Worse than a bloody hand is a hard heart.  
If thou hast done murders, made thy life's path  
Over the trampled laws of God and man,

Rush not before thy Judge, and say: " My Maker,  
" I have done this and more; for there was one  
" Who was most pure and innocent on earth;  
" And because she endured what never any  
" Guilty or innocent, endured before;  
" Because her wrongs could not be told, not thought;  
" Because thy hand at length did rescue her;  
" I with my words killed her and all her kin."

Think, I adjure you, what it is to slay  
The reverence living in the minds of men  
Towards our ancient house, and stainless fame!  
Think what it is to strangle infant pity,  
Cradled in the belief of guileless looks,  
Till it become a crime to suffer. Think

What 'tis to blot with infamy and blood  
All that which shews like innocence, and is;  
Hear me, great God! I swear, most innocent,  
So that the world lose all discrimination  
Between the sly, fierce, wild regard of guilt,  
And that which now compels thee to reply  
To what I ask: Am I, or am I not  
A parricide?

MAR. Thou art not!

JUDGE. What is this?

MAR. I here declare those whom I did accuse  
Are innocent. 'Tis I alone am guilty.

JUDGE. Drag him away to torments; let them be  
Subtle and long drawn out, to tear the folds  
Of the heart's inmost cell. Unbind him not  
Till he confess.

MAR. Torture me as ye will :

A keener pang has wrung a higher truth  
From my last breath. She is most innocent!  
Bloodhounds, not men, glut yourselves well with me;  
I will not give you that fine piece of nature  
To rend and ruin.

(Exit MARZIO, guarded.)

CAM. What say ye now, my Lords?

JUDGE. Let tortures strain the truth till it be white  
As snow thrice sifted by the frozen wind.

CAM. Yet stained with blood.

JUDGE. (to BEATRICE.) Know you this paper, Lady?

BEATR. Entrap me not with questions. Who stands  
here

As my accuser? Ha! wilt thou be he,  
Who art my judge? Accuser, witness, judge,  
What, all in one? Here is Orsino's name;  
Where is Orsino? Let his eye meet mine.  
What means this scrawl? Alas! Ye know not what,  
And therefore on the chance that it may be  
Some evil, will ye kill us?

*Enter an Officer.*

OFFICER. Marzio's dead.

JUDGE. What did he say?

OFFICER. Nothing. As soon as we  
Had bound him on the wheel, he smiled on us,  
As one who baffles a deep adversary;  
And holding his breath, died.

JUDGE. There remains nothing



But to apply the question to those prisoners,  
Who yet remain stubborn.

CAM. I overrule  
Further proceedings, and in the behalf  
Of these most innocent and noble persons  
Will use my interest with the Holy Father.

JUDGE. Let the Pope's pleasure then be done. Mean-  
while  
Conduct these culprits each to separate cells;  
And be the engines ready: for this night,  
If the Pope's resolution be as grave,  
Pious, and just as once, I'll wring the truth  
Out of those nerves and sinews, groan by groan.

*(Exeunt.)*

### SCENE III.

THE CELL OF A PRISON. BEATRICE IS DISCOVERED ASLEEP ON A  
COUCH. ENTER BERNARDO.

BER. How gently slumber rests upon her face,  
Like the last thoughts of some day sweetly spent  
Closing in night and dreams, and so prolonged.  
After such torments as she bore last night,  
How light and soft her breathing comes. Ay, me!  
Methinks that I shall never sleep again.  
But I must shake the heavenly dew of rest  
From this sweet folded flower, thus—wake! awake!  
What, sister, canst thou sleep?

BEATR. (*awaking.*) I was just dreaming  
That we were all in Paradise. Thou knowest  
This cell seems like a kind of Paradise  
After our father's presence.

BER. Dear, dear sister,  
Would that thy dream were not a dream! O, God!  
How shall I tell?

BEATR. What wouldst thou tell, sweet brother?

Ber. Look not so calm and happy, or even whilst  
I stand considering what I have to say  
My heart will break.

BEATR. See now, thou mak'st me weep:  
How very friendless thou wouldst be, dear child,  
If I were dead. Say what thou hast to say.

BER. They have confessed; they could endure no  
more

The tortures—

BEATR. Ha! What was there to confess?  
They must have told some weak and wicked lie  
To flatter their tormentors. Have they said  
That they were guilty? O, white innocence,  
That thou shouldst wear the mask of guilt to hide  
Thine awful and serenest countenance  
From those who know thee not!

*Enter JUDGE, with LUCRETIA and GIACOMO, guarded.*

Ignoble hearts!

For some brief spasms of pain, which are at least  
As mortal as the limbs through which they pass,  
Are centuries of high splendour laid in dust?

And that eternal honour which should live  
Sun-like, above the reek of mortal fame,  
Changed to a mockery and a bye-word? What!  
Will you give up these bodies to be dragged  
At horses' heels, so that our hair should sweep  
The footsteps of the vain and senseless crowd,  
Who, that they may make our calamity  
Their worship and their spectacle, will leave  
The churches and the theatres as void  
As their own hearts? Shall the light multitude  
Fling, at their choice, curses or faded pity,  
Sad funeral flowers to deck a living corpse,  
Upon us as we pass to pass away,  
And leave—what memory of our having been?  
Infamy, blood, terror, despair? O thou,  
Who wert a mother to the parentless,  
Kill not thy child! Let not her wrongs kill thee!  
Brother, lie down with me upon the rack,  
And let us each be silent as a corpse;  
It soon will be as soft as any grave.  
'Tis but the falsehood it can wring from fear  
Makes the rack cruel.

GIAC. They will tear the truth  
Even from thee at last, those cruel pains:  
For pity's sake say thou art guilty now.

LUCR. O, speak the truth! Let us all quickly die;  
And after death, God is our judge, not they;  
He will have mercy on us.

BER. If indeed  
It can be true, say so, dear sister mine;

And then the Pope will surely pardon you,  
And all be well.

JUDGE. Confess, or I will warp  
Your limbs with such keen tortures—

BEATR. Tortures! Turn  
The rack henceforth into a spinning wheel!  
Torture your dog, that he may tell when last  
He lapped the blood his master shed—not me!  
My pangs are of the mind, and of the heart,  
And of the soul; ay, of the inmost soul,  
Which weeps within tears as of burning gall  
To see, in this ill world where none are true,  
My kindred false to their deserted selves.  
And with considering all the wretched life  
Which I have lived, and its now wretched end,  
And the small justice shewn by Heaven and Earth  
To me or mine; and what a tyrant thou art,  
And what slaves these; and what a world we make,  
The oppressor and the oppressed—such pangs compel  
My answer. What is it thou wouldst with me?

JUDGE. Art thou not guilty of thy father's death?

BEATR. Or wilt thou rather tax high judging God  
That he permitted such an act as that  
Which I have suffered, and which he beheld;  
Made it unutterable, and took from it  
All refuge, all revenge, all consequence,  
But that which thou hast called my father's death?  
Which is or is not what men call a crime,  
Which either I have done, or have not done;  
Say what ye will. I shall deny no more.

If ye desire it thus, thus let it be.  
And so an end of all. Now do your will;  
No other pains shall force another word.

JUDGE. She is convicted, but has not confessed.  
Be it enough. Until their final sentence  
Let none have converse with them. You, young Lord,  
Linger not here!

BEATR. O, tear him not away!

JUDGE. Guards, do your duty.

BER. (*embracing BEATRICE.*) Oh! would ye divide  
Body from soul?

OFFICER. That is the headsman's business.

(*Exeunt all but LUCR. BEATR. and GIAC.*)

GIAC. Have I confessed? Is it all over now?  
No hope! No refuge! O weak, wicked tongue,  
Which hast destroyed me, would that thou hadst been  
Cut out and thrown to dogs first? To have killed  
My father first, and then betrayed my sister;  
Ay, thee! the one thing innocent and pure  
In this black guilty world, to that which I  
So well deserve! My wife! my little ones!  
Destitute, helpless, and I—Father! God!  
Canst thou forgive even the unforgiving,  
When their full hearts break thus, thus!

(*Covers his face, and weeps.*)

LUCR. O, my child!  
To what a dreadful end are we all come!  
Why did I yield? Why did I not sustain  
Those torments? Oh, that I were all dissolved

Into these fast and unavailing tears,  
Which flow and feel not!

BEATR. What 'twas weak to do,  
'Tis weaker to lament, once being done ;  
Take cheer! The God who knew my wrong, and made  
Our speedy act the angel of his wrath,  
Seems, and but seems to have abandoned us.  
Let us not think that we shall die for this.  
Brother, sit near me ; give me your firm hand,  
You had a manly heart. Bear up! Bear up!  
O, dearest Lady, put your gentle head  
Upon my lap, and try to sleep awhile :  
Your eyes look pale, hollow, and overworn,  
With heaviness of watching and slow grief.  
Come, I will sing you some low, sleepy tune,  
Not cheerful, nor yet sad ; some dull old thing,  
Some outworn and unused monotony,  
Such as our country gossips sing and spin,  
Till they almost forget they live : lie down !  
So, that will do. Have I forgot the words ?  
Faith! They are sadder than I thought they were.

#### SONG.

False friend, wilt thou smile or weep  
When my life is laid asleep ?  
Little cares for a smile or a tear,  
The clay-cold corpse upon the bier !  
Farewell! Heigho!  
What is this whispers low ?

There is a snake in thy smile, my dear ;  
And bitter poison within thy tear.

Sweet sleep, were death like to thee,  
Or if thou couldst mortal be,  
I would close these eyes of pain ;  
When to wake ? Never again.

O, World ! Farewell !

Listen to the passing bell !

It says, thou and I must part,  
With a light and a heavy heart.

*(The scene closes.)*

#### SCENE IV.

A HALL OF THE PRISON. ENTER CAMILLO AND BERNARDO.

CAM. The Pope is stern ; not to be moved or bent.  
He looked as calm and keen as is the engine  
Which tortures and which kills, exempt itself  
From aught that it inflicts ; a marble form,  
A rite, a law, a custom : not a man.  
He frowned, as if to frown had been the trick  
Of his machinery, on the advocates  
Presenting the defences, which he tore  
And threw behind, muttering with hoarse, harsh voice :  
“ Which among ye defended their old father,  
“ Killed in his sleep ? ” Then to another : “ Thou  
“ Dost this in virtue of thy place ; ’tis well.”

He turned to me then, looking deprecation,  
And said these three words, coldly: "They must die."

BER. And yet you left him not?

CAM. I urged him still;

Pleading, as I could guess, the devilish wrong  
Which prompted your unnatural parent's death.

And he replied: "Paolo Santa Croce

"Murdered his mother yester evening,

"And he is fled. Parricide grows so rife,

"That soon, for some just cause no doubt, the young

"Will strangle us all, dozing in our chairs.

"Authority, and power, and hoary hair,

"Are grown crimes capital. You are my nephew,

"You come to ask their pardon; stay a moment;

"Here is their sentence; never see me more

"Till, to the letter, it be all fulfilled."

BER. O, God, not so! I did believe indeed

That all you said was but sad preparation

For happy news. O, there are words and looks

To bend the sternest purpose! Once I knew them,

Now I forget them at my dearest need.

What think you if I seek him out, and bathe

His feet and robe with hot and bitter tears?

Importune him with prayers, vexing his brain

With my perpetual cries, until in rage

He strike me with his pastoral cross, and trample

Upon my prostrate head, so that my blood

May stain the senseless dust on which he treads,

And remorse waken mercy? I will do it!

O, wait till I return!

*(rushes out.)*



CAM. Alas! poor boy!  
A wreck-devoted seaman thus might pray  
To the deaf sea.

*Enter* LUCRETIA, BEATRICE, *and* GIACOMO, *guarded.*

BEATR. I hardly dare to fear  
That thou bring'st other news than a just pardon.

CAM. May God in heaven be less inexorable  
To the Pope's prayers, than he has been to mine.  
Here is the sentence and the warrant.

BEATR. (*wildly*) Oh,  
My God! Can it be possible I have  
To die so suddenly? So young to go  
Under the obscure, cold, rotting, wormy ground!  
To be nailed down into a narrow place;  
To see no more sweet sunshine; hear no more  
Blithe voice of living thing; muse not again  
Upon familiar thoughts, sad, yet thus lost—  
How fearful! To be nothing! Or to be—  
What? O, where am I? Let me not go mad!  
Sweet Heaven, forgive weak thoughts! If there  
    should be  
No God, no Heaven, no Earth in the void world;  
The wide, grey, lampless, deep, unpeopled world!  
If all things then should be—my father's spirit,  
His eye, his voice, his touch, surrounding me;  
The atmosphere and breath of my dead life!  
If sometimes, as a shape more like himself,  
Even the form which tortured me on earth,  
Masked in grey hairs and wrinkles, he should come

And wind me in his hellish arms, and fix  
 His eyes on mine, and drag me down, down, down!  
 For was he not alone omnipotent  
 On Earth, and ever present? Even tho' dead,  
 Does not his spirit live in all that breathe,  
 And work for me and mine still the same ruin,  
 Scorn, pain, despair? Who ever yet returned  
 To teach the laws of death's untrodden realm?  
 Unjust perhaps as those which drive us now,  
 O, whither, whither?

LUCR. Trust in God's sweet love,  
 The tender promises of Christ: ere night,  
 Think we shall be in Paradise.

BEATR. 'Tis past!  
 Whatever comes, my heart shall sink no more.  
 And yet, I know not why, your words strike chill:  
 How tedious, false, and cold seem all things. I  
 Have met with much injustice in this world;  
 No difference has been made by God or man,  
 Or any power moulding my wretched lot,  
 'Twixt good or evil, as regarded me.  
 I am cut off from the only world I know,  
 From light, and life, and love, in youth's sweet prime.  
 You do well telling me to trust in God,  
 I hope I do trust in him. In whom else  
 Can any trust? And yet my heart is cold.

*(During the latter speeches GIACOMO has  
 retired conversing with CAMILLO, who  
 now goes out. GIACOMO advances.)*

GIAC. Know you not, mother—sister, know you not?

Bernardo even now is gone to implore  
The Pope to grant our pardon.

LUCR. Child, perhaps

It will be granted. We may all then live  
To make these woes a tale for distant years :  
O, what a thought ! It gushes to my heart  
Like the warm blood.

BEATR. Yet both will soon be cold.

O, trample out that thought ! Worse than despair,  
Worse than the bitterness of death, is hope :  
It is the only ill which can find place  
Upon the giddy, sharp and narrow hour  
Tottering beneath us. Plead with the swift frost  
That it should spare the eldest flower of spring :  
Plead with awakening earthquake, o'er whose couch  
Even now a city stands, strong, fair and free ;  
Now stench and blackness yawn, like death. O, plead  
With famine, or wind-walking pestilence,  
Blind lightning, or the deaf sea, not with man !  
Cruel, cold, formal man ! righteous in words,  
In deeds a Cain. No, mother, we must die :  
Since such is the reward of innocent lives ;  
Such the alleviation of worst wrongs.  
And whilst our murderers live, and hard, cold men,  
Smiling and slow, walk thro' a world of tears  
To death as to life's sleep ; 'twere just the grave  
Were some strange joy for us. Come, obscure Death,  
And wind me in thine all-embracing arms !  
Like a fond mother hide me in thy bosom,  
And rock me to the sleep from which none wake.

Live ye, who live, subject to one another  
As we were once, who now—

*BERNARDO rushes in.*

BER. Oh, horrible!  
That tears, that looks, that hope poured forth in prayer,  
Even till the heart is vacant and despairs,  
Should all be vain! The ministers of death  
Are waiting round the doors. I thought I saw  
Blood on the face of one—what if 'twere fancy?  
Soon the heart's blood of all I love on earth  
Will sprinkle him, and he will wipe it off  
As if 'twere only rain. O, life! O, world!  
Cover me! let me be no more! To see  
That perfect mirror of pure innocence  
Wherein I gazed, and grew happy and good,  
Shivered to dust! To see thee, Beatrice,  
Who made all lovely thou didst look upon—  
Thee, light of life—dead, dark! while I say, sister,  
To hear I have no sister; and thou, Mother,  
Whose love was a bond to all our loves—  
Dead! The sweet bond broken!

*Enter CAMILLO and Guards.*

They come! Let me  
Kiss those warm lips before their crimson leaves  
Are blighted—white—cold. Say farewell, before  
Death chokes that gentle voice! O, let me hear  
You speak!

BEATR. Farewell, my tender brother. Think

Of our sad fate with gentleness, as now :  
And let mild pitying thoughts lighten for thee  
Thy sorrow's load. Err not in harsh despair,  
But tears and patience. One thing more, my child,  
For thine own sake be constant to the love  
Thou bearest us ; and to the faith that I,  
Though wrapt in a strange cloud of crime and shame,  
Lived ever holy and unstained. And though  
Ill tongues shall wound me, and our common name  
Be as a mark stamped on thine innocent brow  
For men to point at as they pass, do thou  
Forbear, and never think a thought unkind  
Of those, who perhaps love thee in their graves.  
So mayest thou die as I do ; fear and pain  
Being subdued. Farewell ! farewell ! farewell !

BER. I cannot say, farewell !

CAM. O, Lady Beatrice !

BEATR. Give yourself no unnecessary pain,  
My dear Lord Cardinal. Here, Mother, tie  
My girdle for me, and bind up this hair  
In any simple knot ; ay, that does well.  
And yours I see is coming down. How often  
Have we done this for one another ! now  
We shall not do it any more. My Lord,  
We are quite ready. Well, 'tis very well.

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